Maine Farmer.

AGRICULTURE MECHANIC ARTS LITERATURE, NEWS, &c.

Vol. XXXIX. Augusta, Maine, Saturday Morning, November 4, 1871. No. 48

Maine Farmer.

HOMAN & BADGER, Publishers.

S. L. BOARDMAN, Editor.

Our Home, our Country and our Brother Man.

November.

"No warmth, no cheerfulness, no healthful ease,
No comfortable feel in any member—
No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees,
No fruits, no flowers, no leaves, no birds,
November."

Readers of English poetry will at once recall the curious, and in its way unapproachable little poem of Tom Hood, in which the gloomy, uncertain, indefinable, indescribable weather of this last of the autumn months is so truthfully and graphically set forth. It is, in fact, a month giving us rough, cold winds, and short, cheerless days. The sky is leaden and sombre, with no "distance looking blue," as in the mild skies of September. The chilling weather has its influence upon the physical system. There is "no comfortable feel" in any bodily member, and even the most elastic and cheerful minds are proverbially tinged with melancholy by the general aspect of universal decay; so much so that November has been sometimes called the "suicide's month." The birds have flown, the flowers departed, the leaves withered, the fruits gathered. This is November.

The old Britons termed this month *windmonath* or *wind-month*, from which we infer that Boreas was not less severe in ancient than in modern times. In those days it was the ancient custom for seamen to shroud themselves at home, and to give over sea-faring until the days of blustering March were past. The Anglo-Saxons likewise called the month *blot-monath* or *blood-month*, on account of the abundance of cattle killed for the winter store or for sacrifices. The Norridgewock Indians termed it the month (moon) in which to cut through the ice to kill beaver; but it must have been in the latter part of the month when this took place, or at that time (1723) the warm seasons were shorter, and weather severe enough to form ice came on earlier than now.

The general farm work of the month is not different from that alluded to in our notes of autumn work last week; although there is one necessary operation which can be performed to advantage the latter part of the month, (even after the freezing of the ground prevents the doing of many kinds of fall work), to which we did not allude, but which cannot be urged with too much force. This is the cutting of the season's fuel; and the latter part of November and the first of December gives a better time for doing it, in most cases, than is afforded for the whole season. The absence of leaves renders a thorough exploration of the wood-lot an easy matter; old trees, those with decaying tops are at once recognized, and trees growing too thickly can be cut out. By this means the year's fuel can be obtained at little expense, and at much less than the annual growth of an ordinary wood lot. Besides, a better opportunity is given for cutting it, and when the first snows come the year's stock of fuel can be hauled to the door-yard in a very short time. This gives the entire winter for the ordinary cares of the farm stock, and the social and neighborly duties.

In this month comes the true Indian summer; the mild days of earlier autumn which are generally called such, are not in fact the *real* Indian summer days. There are traditions among the old people of the country to the effect that there are always three Indian summers each season, late in autumn, before the ground finally closes up for winter. These follow each other in succession, a week or two or a few days—according to the earliness or lateness of the season—of cold weather occuring between them. These warm, balmy, hazy days, gave the sluggish Indians an opportunity to secure their harvest of corn and nuts preparatory for winter—and they also give farmers of not dissimilar habits, a chance to close up the season's work. Provident, generous Nature; ungrateful, procrastinating man!

"Thanksgiving time" generally occurs in this month. It is a glorious season, bringing back to the old home of the fathers the children who have long since gone out for themselves—except, alas! in so many cases, where the old home is broken, and the loved and honored parents have passed to their reward on high!—and it is well that once in a year, at least, something calls old and young together at the time-worn hearth. And if this year there are mows less crowded, and stalls less filled than in years agone, let us rejoice for the gifts thrown into our arms, and be thankful that the scourging flame has spared our homes and fields. The season's labor, begun in faith and carried forward in hope, should end in thanksgiving.

The Poultry Show at Bangor.

Readers who carefully scan our advertising columns each week—and the advertisements of a genuine farmer's paper are always read—do not need to be informed that the exhibition of the Penobscot County Poultry Society will take place at Bangor on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of next week, Nov. 7th, 8th and 9th, one week later than the time first announced. Quite early in the season we published the schedule of premiums of this Society in full, and the announcement in our present issue will show the several prizes offered for different breeds of poultry. Should additional information be desired, it will be given by applying to the attentive Secretary, Mr. Philip Coombs. In a private note just received, he says the Society has advices from various places of stock to be exhibited, and it certainly is no doubt of making a respectable show. This will be the first exclusive poultry show that has ever been held in the State, and with the increased attention now given to the rearing of different classes of poultry, we feel quite sure the exhibition and the attendance will both be good. Let there be a general contribution from all quarters of the State.

Editorial Notes.

We learn that there is now a very active demand for Holbrook's Swivel plows, of which we have before spoken, from this State and that they are meeting with perfect success wherever used. During the past season these plows have been considerably improved, and the manufacturers, Messrs. F. F. Holbrook & Co., 10 South Market St., Boston, have added another size, the 2 A sod and 2 stubble to the list. This size is very popular, and gives the best satisfaction wherever used.

We return our sincere thanks to our correspondents J. B. D., Exeter, and A. K. P. G., Hiram, for their very complimentary communications which they will excuse us from publishing.

The Androscoggin County Fair.

(Editorial Correspondence.)

The Androscoggin Agricultural Society held their annual Cattle Show and Fair at Mechanic Falls, Oct. 11th and 13th. This Society, for many years held their exhibitions on enclosed grounds in Lewiston. After a lapse of several years the attendance on the shows was not satisfactory, and the grounds were sold. For three years previous to the present, the experiment has been tried of holding a free exhibition of stock, open to all who saw fit to go and see, thinking that such an arrangement, bordering on the old time practice, might prove more successful in drawing out the masses. This did not prove to be the case. For three years was the exhibition held at Lewiston under this arrangement, and each year the collection of stock was small, and the number of people to see it was still smaller. There was also a splendid Fair in the hall, but few visitors to see it. With such results the Society was not working that good which its members desired, and it was decided to itinerate for a time, and hold the exhibitions in different sections of the county. Accordingly it was decided to go, this year, to Mechanic Falls—a location upon the extreme borders of the county, still deemed, for several reasons, a favorable one, the chief of which was that the people appeared to want it. Also, the West Minot Farmers' Club has for several years, held very successful shows in that vicinity, and with the co-operation of its members success was deemed certain. Expectations were not disappointed. The exhibition just held was one of the most successful in all its departments ever held by the Society.

The weather in the morning of the opening day was quite unfavorable—the heavy clouds, looking more like rain than fair weather, threatening to open their flood gates at any time upon any who were courageous enough to venture abroad. But the wide awake farmers of Poland and Minot were not to be kept at home by appearances. Long teams of oxen and steers began to appear, followed by cows, heifers, calves, sheep and poultry in large numbers. A long team from Lewiston and Webster arrived the night before. A smart shower in the forenoon cast a wet blanket over the business of the day, for a time, but this soon passed off and the remainder of the day was pleasant. Probably a larger gathering of people would have been upon the grounds had the weather been more favorable, but as it was a large collection turned out, either exhibitors themselves, or interested in that which others exhibited.

A large number of pairs of very fine oxen were on the grounds, all in good condition. In looking them over, one could but wonder how they could have been brought up to their present condition when pastures have been so short and feed so scanty. Lewiston entered a team of twelve pairs, average girth 7 feet 6 inches. This was a solid team, and if we mistake not has not been equalled at any other show in the State this fall. Old Kennebec, whose splendid teams were so long the pride of the county, must this year yield the blue ribbon to its neighbor over on the Androscoggin. Poland entered a team of thirty-three pairs, twelve of which averaged 7 feet 2 inches, and another twelve 6 feet 10 inches, making an average of 7 feet for a team of twenty-four pairs. Minot showed a large number of good oxen but little smaller in size than the above. J. H. Jordan of Webster, showed two pairs four and five years, 7 feet strong, which for beauty, symmetry and well matched proportions, are hard to equal. Well may an owner of such a team fell proud of his possessions. Mr. J. refused an offer for the four which did not sound much like four cents a pound.

There was not a large number of steers on the ground. Of cows there was a large number, and all in excellent condition. No thoroughbred cattle of any breed were on exhibition. Nearly all the breeds have many worthy representatives in the county, but the owners did not exhibit them. The farmers in the vicinity where the show was held have not directed their efforts in this direction. Large herds of farm stock were shown by Nelson Haskell, Chas. H. Cebb and J. R. Pulsifer, all of Poland. Sheep and swine were represented by choice specimens, though the number of either was not large. Isaiah Bonney, Poland, showed a pig whose distinguishing characteristics were pounds avoirdupois. Not yet seven months old, he tipped the beam at 492 pounds. Mr. B. may fearlessly challenge the State for his equal. The exhibition of fowl was never equalled in extent and variety at any show of the Society. The specimens were presented in comely coops, and were well arranged. Alexander Robinson, Poland, was the largest exhibitor of hens. His coops contained some choice trios of what are considered the most valuable breeds. He makes the breeding of fowls a specialty, and well understands his business. Several others had good specimens. This was an interesting feature, and attracted large numbers of admirers.

The afternoon was taken up in an examination of working oxen, of which there were a large number of entries, and in the drawing match. The latter especially attracted the attention of a large crowd, and continued till a late hour.

The Fair occupied two large halls, filling them to the utmost capacity. It was pronounced by visitors present, who had visited the principal fairs in the State this fall, to be superior to any before visited. The farm, garden and orchard products, butter and cheese, agricultural implements, boots, harnesses, &c., were arranged in one hall, while the household goods, pictures, fancy articles, manufactured goods, curiosities, &c., filled the other.

The show of fruit was not large, but was made up of a good variety, and the specimens, whether of apples, pears or grapes, were standard kinds, correctly labelled, and were good specimens—some of them very fine—of the kinds represented.

Twenty-four lots of butter were shown, many of them ranking first class. Mrs. Benj. Milliken won the first prize; and first prize among so many lots is an honor worth the wearing. Only one specimen of cheese graced the table.

The exhibition of vegetables was splendid. A large number of varieties were shown by James Chipman, G. G. Waterhouse, D. W. Pulsifer, Poland, and J. V. McKenney, Auburn. The lot shown by Mr. Pulsifer, in the number of different kinds, in quality, and in the arrangement of the same, reflect great credit on him as a producer, and show good taste as an exhibitor. E. C. Millett, Minot, and D. W. Pulsifer, each showed a trace of enormous white onions, well ripened. Mr. M.'s were the largest—a single onion weighing one pound eleven ounces, and the whole trace averaging a pound each. There were sixteen specimens of corn, all going to prove what we have long believed, that no section of the State can or does excel Androscoggin county in the corn crop. Fine specimens of choice kinds of potatoes were shown in large numbers. Hiram Dunham, Turner, showed a squash weighing 155 pounds—an infantile descendant of the celebrated Elder Dunham squash—which grew from a blossom which opened Aug. 5th. Many other meritorious products were shown, but they cannot now be noticed, however much they may deserve it.

The hall in which were shown the manufactured goods, fancy articles, &c., was very tastefully arranged, and presented a very attractive appearance. The tables were arranged through its entire length. The central one was filled with a rich display of millinery and fancy goods by the enterprising milliners of the place. On the others were a great variety of attractive articles, curiosities, needle-work, &c., together with a rich collection of goods of more substantial worth. Lewiston Mills shew specimens of cotton goods for men's and boys' wear, in many styles and colors, a large variety of tickings, bags and twine. Androscoggin Mills presented an extensive assortment of brown and bleached cottons, satteens in all shades and qualities, and splendid heavy tickings. A. C. Dennison & Co. of Mechanic Falls, made a fine display of different kinds and qualities of paper manufactured at their mills. The collection contained book, news, map and lithograph paper in all tints and colors, and of all qualities. No other mills in the country turn off a higher quality of goods, and no other firm in the State can show so great a variety of their own manufacture.

Mrs. D. W. Pulsifer, in addition to a display of wax fruit showing much skill, and moss mats showing a cultivated taste, also contributed beautiful boquets of flowers fresh from the gardens. One other lady, whose name is not recalled, contributed to this department. House plants in great variety—many of them in blossom—graced the tables in every direction. Some exquisite marble work by West, Wing & Co., Lewiston, was tastefully ornamented by evergreen climbers, and made an attractive contribution.

Upon the walls of one side and one end of the hall were hung a large collection of paintings and drawings—some fifty in all—with the exception perhaps of half a dozen, all the work of the exhibitors; also a large number of hair wreaths and wax wreaths in frames. A group of oil paintings by Mrs. Dr. Bradford, and another by Miss Eva Allen, attracted much attention. Several crayons by Mrs. Edwin Dwinal, were finely drawn. Many others were worthy productions.

The remaining walls, together with all other available room, were hung with quilts, spreads, scarfs, rugs and kindred articles almost without number. There was also a large collection of domestic goods, such as yarns, mittens, hose, flannels, carpets, &c.

The second day was that of the tremendous rain of the 12th, and of course put an emphatic veto on all proceedings for that day. The programme was adjourned in full till the next day. Friday the 13th, was as pleasant as could be desired. The bad condition of the roads, however, and the uncertainties always attending an adjournment, prevented as large an attendance as would have been on the day appointed. The forenoon was devoted to a general examination of horses and colts. Several very choice colts were among the many on exhibition. The crowning glory of this part of the show however, was the team horses of the Messrs. Dennison—two pairs and three single teams. These horses weigh from eleven to fourteen hundred each. More valuable horses of the class are not to be found in the State.

In the afternoon there was a trial of speed for the Society's premiums, and at 3½ o'clock the reports of the committees. The reports were unusually well made up and were generally read by the chairman of the committee. Officers who know the difficulty of securing good men to act as judges, and consequently of getting good reports therefrom, will recognize the above as no small compliment.

A Beet Report.

We begin to receive reports in regard to the seed of the Improved American Sugar beet seed, which we sent out to our friends and correspondents last spring. Will not those who received seed and have not yet reported please do so, that we may give our readers the result of their several trials. Below we publish a note just received from Mr. Albert Pease, of Salem, Franklin county:

"I harvested the beets I raised from the seed you sent me (American Imperial) a few days ago. I planted them on a well manured, gravelly soil. I had a hard fight with drouth and insects, but succeeded in raising three bushels of very handsome roots on land that would have produced at least ten if it had been fully occupied. I have experimented with this beet before, having procured the seed from James Vick, Rochester, N. Y., and both experiments convince me that this beet can be raised in this State as easily as any other. The manufacture of sugar is another question, but of the feasibility of this I have little doubt. True, experiments in this country have mainly failed, but I think this may be attributed mainly to inexperienced or ill directed proceeding; that at Chatsworth, Ill., particularly. You need not be surprised if I should run the risk of being considered visionary by recommending its trial in the Farmer."

A Waldo county correspondent sends the following report:

"I received last spring, by your kindness, a package of American Improved Sugar Beet Seed, with request to try and report. I planted them May 20th, in a portion of my garden. The ground had received two plowings, a coat of manure at the rate of 30 loads per acre, and a thorough harrowing. I planted in drills one foot apart, and dressed in drill with a mixture of equal parts of hen manure, ashes and plaster, at the rate of one handful to three feet of drill. They came up well—in fact *too well*—and required severe thinning. I gave them clean culture, and allowed them to stand from six to ten inches apart when thinned. Their growth was rapid and vigorous, and very satisfactory. I presented specimens of them at the Waldo County Fair, where they attracted much attention. Harvested Oct. 20th five bushels on my plat devoted to them—64x12 feet, or 75 square feet. They had no extra chance, or care above my other root crops. It was my object to *try* them *by my standard*. My best specimen weighed eight pounds. An acre contains 43,560 square feet, five bushels upon 75 square feet equals one bushel upon every 15 feet; 15 is contained in 43,560, 2904 times—equal to 2904 bushels per acre. At 60 pounds per bushel, this would be 174,240 lbs. —equal to over 87 tons per acre."

☞ Among the recent additions to our office exhibition, is a beet from Mr. Ira Hatch of Vassalboro', weighing 8¼ pounds; and samples of potatoes from Mr. David Tucker of West Gardiner, averaging one pound each, one of which weighs one pound two ounces—a specimen of one hundred bushels raised by him this season.

Communications.

For the Maine Farmer.

Report of the Eastern Kennebec Fair.

The Eastern Kennebec Agricultural and Horticultural Society, held their fourth annual Cattle Show and Fair at their grounds at South China, on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, the 18th, 19th and 20th of September. The weather was very fine on Monday, and there was more than double the stock exhibited than at any former exhibition. The first on the list was Warren Percival, Esq., of Vassalboro', who exhibited 35 head of pure blood Shorthorns, without doubt the largest and best herd of this class of stock to be found in Maine. Mr. Percival takes more than ordinary pains to keep his stock pure without resorting to in-and-in breeding. H. Colburn, of Windsor, entered ten head grade Ayrshires which attacted considerable attention from the crowd on account of their symmetrical form and prominent points, showing the Ayrshire blood. A town team was exhibited from Palermo, composed of ten pairs, which was a credit to the town. If others would do likewise, it would add greatly to the interest of the exhibition. Nathan Wellington, of Albion, exhibited a pair of two-year-old steers, which girthed six feet nine inches, well proportioned, well matched up, and very kind and handy. A three-year-old bull exhibited by J. G. Cumming, of Liberty, girth seven feet, purchased of W. Percival, drew considerable attention from the crowd on account of his symmetrical build and docile appearance. Eight head of cattle exhibited by Wm. Hammond, of China, were second to but very few. A grade Hereford bull, five years old, was exhibited by Franklin Sproul, of China, and was regarded a fine animal. There being some 150 or 160 head exhibited, it is impossible to describe each one separately, but compared with the stock exhibited at previous exhibitions, a visible improvement is manifest.

There were five entries of sheep, eight by Warren Percival, Esq., thoroughbred Cotswolds; six medium wool by Elihu Hanson, of China; seven by J. R. Crossman of China, and two thoroughbred Cotswold bucks, by G. G. Hanscom, Albion.

Of swine there were but three entries made, one by N. Redlon, of China, and two by H. B. Williams, of China, all of the White Chester breed, and were a fair exhibition of that breed of hogs.

There was a good display of horses on the ground the second day, prominent among which was a breeding mare owned by H. P. Haskell, of Liberty, with a General Knox colt by her side; also one by Samuel Norton, of Palermo. Family horses were exhibited by Veranus F. Pierce, of Windsor, Wm. Percival, of China, G. Barton, of Windsor. There were three entries of stallions by C. H. Nelson, of China, R. Gerrish, of Warren, and E. S. Turner, of Palermo.

There was but one entry of poultry by Leander Bradstreet, of Palermo, who exhibited six Brahma chickens, which were a fine lot.

The fair in the hall was made up of batter, cheese, bread, maple sugar, honey, fruit, plums, grapes, cranberries, vegetables, household manufactures, girls' work and productions of fine arts. The articles in all of the above mentioned departments were of the best quality, but were too numerous to mention. J. H. Varney, of Vassalboro', exhibited apple and pear trees raised in his nursery, of the right age for transplanting. A case of stuffed birds and animals, exhibited by Albert Varney, of Vassalboro', was one of the great attractions of the fair. They were stuffed and prepared by himself, exhibiting an artistic taste possessed by but few.

The following are the principal premiums:

List of Premiums.

Neat Stock. Oxen, John Belding, 1st; A. Bonney, 2d; Theodore Osgood, 3d. Oxen 4 years old, J. S. Ayer, 1st; Harrington Osgood, 2d; S. G. Norton, 3d. Three-year-old steers, John S. Ayer, 1st; S. G. Norton, 2d. Two-year-old steers, N. Wellington, 1st; N. H. Clark, 2nd. One-year-old steers, Benj. Clifford. Fat cattle, Warren Percival; 1st; Benj. Clifford, 2d. Town team, Palermo. Farm stock, Warren Percival 1st; H. Colburn, 2d, Wm. Hammond, 3d. Bulls (thoroughbred), Warren Percival 1st; J. G. Cummings, 2d. Grade, Franklin Sproul. Cows, Warren Percival; 1st; H. B. Williams, 2d; Edward Osgood, 3d. [All the premiums for thoroughbred heifers, of all ages, were awarded to Warren Percival. Grades three-year-old, J. R. Crossman. Two-year-olds, H. Colburn, 1st and 2d. One-year-olds, same, 1st and 2d. Sheep, medium wool, Elihu Hanson, 1st; long wool, Warren Percival, 1st; Cotswold, G. G. Hanscom, 1st and 2d.

Horses. Stallions, C. H. Nelson, 1st; R. Gerrish, 2d; G. S. Turner, 3d. Breeding mares; S. P. Haskell, 1st; Samuel Norton, 2d; E. Hanson, 3d. Family horses, V. F. Pierce, 1st; Wm. Percival, 2d. Driving horses, R. G. Baker, 1st; C. H. Nelson, 2d; G. Barton, Jr., 3d. Colts three years old, A. Choate, Stallion. Gelding, A. W. Chadwick, 1st; S. G. Norton, 2d. Mare, Edward Ward. Colts, two years old, J. G. Cummings, 1st; S. F. Pierce, 2d; D. A. Whittier, 3d. One year old, M. Webber, 1st; Samuel Norton, 2d. Trotting horses, three years old, Rufus Gerrish, 1st; A. Choate, 2d. Horses that never trotted for money, C. Wellington, 1st; C. H. Nelson, 2d; R. G. Baker, 3d. Three minute horses, C. B. Wellington, 1st; John Ayer, 2d; David Cross, 3d. Society sweepstakes, G. S. Turner, 1st; David Cross, 2d; John Ayer, 3d. For $50 purse, Rufus Gerrish, 1st; John Shaw, 2d; Charles Burkett, 3d. Sweepstakes, open for all horses within the State, purse $75, George M. Robinson, 1st; John Shaw, 2d.

Poultry. Leander Bradstreet.

Dairy Products. Butter, S. P. Marden, 1st; J. S. Cummings, 2d. Cheese, Lousia Pierce.

Miscellanous. Bread, L. Erskines. Maple sugar, Theodore Osgood. Honey, J. R. Crossman, 1st; N. Redlon, 2d.

Fruit. Apples, W. Hammond, 1st; J. G. Cummings, 2d. Basket of apples, B. C. Sherman. Winter apples, E. L. Bradstreet. Plums, J. A. Varney, 1st; Elihu Hanson, 2d. Grapes and pears, J. A. Varney. Cranberries, C. A. Erskines, 1st; Henry Hatch, 2d. Tomatoes, M. A. Farrington, 1st; S. Marden, 2d.

The second day an address was given by D. H. Thing, Esq., of Mt. Vernon. Subject—"Pay as you Go." Mr. Thing handled the matter very ably, showing that he had given much thought and attention to the subject of farming as conducted at the present day, bringing out many hints that would be well for every farmer to consider. The address was listened to with much interest, and all appeared well satisfied with his remarks.

H. Colburn, *Secretary*.

For the Maine Farmer.

Thoughts for Farmers.

The increased interest of the State, our institutions of learning and the people, in matters relating to agriculture, is sufficient proof of the better education of the masses throughout New England. Our public schools and colleges, as well as legislatures are guided by the popular will, so we see appropriations for seminaries and scientific surveys, all of which indicate a higher standard of intelligence, or there would be no one to demand or defend these things.

The farmer of to-day, worthy of the name, requires more than ordinary information, if *success* is his motto. The person who reads most, as a general rule, thrives the best, no matter what his calling. It is the ignorant who look upon an agricultural paper as a useless expense, drag along in the old way, and manage, by eating the poorest the land affords, and selling the best of everything they raise, to get through, and pay taxes.

Those who need large barns, raise something to fill them, own fat oxen and *fat* pocket-books, are the reading and thinking class. The strong right arm and broad-shoulders, are a great aid to any one engaged in tilling the soil, but the quick eye and active brain are the motive power, after all.

We are, from habit, accustomed to speak of farmers and business men as if they belonged to a separate order. This is a mistake, so let us change as soon as possible. The only difference I think of, between them, is, that one is almost certain of a competence and the other works with failure staring him in the face. If the skillful cultivator of the earth is not a business man, in the broadest and most liberal sense of the term, I know not where one is to be found. The financier in our largest mercantile houses, whose immense business moves prosperously along, requires no more ability or sound judgment than he who successfully controls one of the big grain farms in the West.

Our fathers paid little attention to education, for the country was new, the villages scattering, and it required all their time to cultivate the land. But that generation has passed away, and given us the opportunity to begin where they left off. The *true* farmer of the present is wide-awake and diligent, and conducts his affairs upon the same principle that the merchant does his, though money panics, the rise or fall of cotton, or the depreciation or inflation of stocks, do not particularly affect him, or hinder mother earth from yielding her increase, or the farmer from reaping where he has scattered the seed. Those who raise the best stock, whose horses, cattle and sheep excel, are not of the number who reject all "new-fangled notions," or sneer at new labor-saving machines. Their names can be found, every season, upon the list with those who sell what they produce at first class prices. The man who reads most, studies the hardest to improve, and makes the wisest application of his information, no matter what his calling, is the one who leads, the world over. The more one reads, the more his ideas expand, and the greater his desire to advance. Knowledge is a stimulus to ambition, and the aspiring is ever active himself, and "wakes up" the sluggards all around him.

When I see a man who owns nicer cattle, faster horses and better sheep than his neighbors, I do not inquire whether he "takes the papers" or not, for I can tell without asking the question. Ignorance and progress are uncongenial, and do not go together. Civilization and advancement shake hands, help each other, and are ever found side by side.

A long New England winter is just upon us, and every farmer in Maine ought to make up his mind to put his hand to the plough next spring, a wiser man than when he finishes his harvesting this fall. Attend the meeting of the Club, exchange opinions with your acquaintances and friends, and do not fear or hesitate to ask questions of the one who sold the biggest cattle, the fastest colt or cut the most hay, of any in your town. Consult with those who have had the greatest experience or who have been best rewarded. If your corn, potato, or grain crop was a failure this season, and you hear of another who succeeded with any or all of these, go to him, find out all you can, and then endeavor to study out some method that will enable you to surpass him next year. Look ahead instead of backward, and never feel satisfied or contented when you have done *no better* than others around you.

Farley.

For the Maine Farmer.

Meadow Land.

It may, perhaps be recollected, that some time ago, in writing of low meadows, I intimated that I should furnish some more particulars. Two years ago this fall, I spaded up a piece of meadow land by the side of a ditch that I had made for an outlet, so that it was tolerably well drained. After cutting up the sod with an old adze, I dug successive trenches, putting the sod at the bottom, and covering with underlying muck from the depth of two spades' length. The muck was intermixed here with some sand and clay, especially after reaching a depth of one foot from the surface. At one end of the piece, instead of spading, I merely cut up the sod with the adze and let it remain till one year ago, when I put on manure from the barnyard at the rate of thirty or forty loads per acre, and ploughed the whole and harrowed it thoroughly. Last spring I planted all the spaded part with parsnips and beets. On the part not spaded but only ploughed, being composed of nearly pure muck or peat, I sowed oats and peas. The parsnips were eaten by the muskrats. The beets grew, and made a good crop. The oats and peas grew very stout, standing as high as a man's shoulders. The peas podded and filled well. The oats were apparently doing well, but the grasshoppers took, when about half turned white, and destroyed the most of them. I am led by this experiment to suppose that on all my extensive meadow land, as soon as I can drain and plough it, I can raise oats to the best advantage.

The half acre of land that I drained last December, has this season produced a good crop of potatoes. I last spring finished the drains, carted on about seven loads of yard manure, harrowed well, furrowed out and planted. One end of the piece could not be drained on account of a brook running along the head of the piece, the channel of which has not yet been sufficiently lowered. On this end the crop was light. On the whole piece, a little less than half an acre, I raised 75 bushels of potatoes. I had a little piece between the said brook and the hill, about one-third of an acre, that outdid the half acre I have been describing. The soil was made by the washing down from the hill of abundant vegetable matter, mixed with the decomposed rock of the hill (a kind of coarse granite, in which large crystals or grains of feldspar are abundant) forming, with the turf grown upon it, a very rich mass. This was surface drained, and planted to Orono and Early Rose potatoes. We dug from this piece 77 bushels. The part planted to Early Rose yielded at the rate of 400 bushels per acre. Others can make their own comment. My own is that we have in our low lands an abundant store of wealth, and that we had better stay at home and improve the advantages we have, than imigrate to lands of gigantic success and gigantic disaster.

Albert Pease.

Grass Dale, Salem.

For the Maine Farmer.

The Duchess of Oldenburgh and Tetofsky Apples.

These comparatively new apples came from Russia, and both, especially the former, are being quite extensively introduced into our State by Western parties. The trees and fruit of both are highly recommended by them, and the trees are sold at an extra price. I am told that the Duchess has in several instances been sold by unprincipled agents as a long keeping winter fruit and other statements made in regard to it fully as erroneous, so I thought a few words in regard to the fruit and the tree, giving its real merits might be of interest to the public. The Duchess is a slow grower, making at maturity a rather small tree, comes early into bearing, and produces enormous crops of very fine cooking fruit; is decidedly prone to overbear, and I find it next to impossible to get any growth on the trees after they commence, bearing, even under the best cultivation. Fruit, medium size, roundish-oblate. Surface smooth, waxen-yellow, partially covered with stripes and splashes of brilliant red and carmine, and at maturity, having an appearance of bloom as is seen on many kinds of grapes. Flesh, white, tender and juicy, very sour, making it wholly unfit for the dessert, and I regard it hardly so good as second rate for cooking. Season, August.

The tree is very hardy, and might be valuable in sections where finer sorts fail, yet I regard it no hardier than the Fameuse which is a first-rate grower and bearer, producing a fruit fully as handsome as the Duchess, keeping till December, and of first-rate quality. The Tetofsky is a better grower than the Duchess, making an odd-looking tree with broad light green foliage, and is very hardy. Fruit small, conic, angular. Surface smooth yellow striped with carmine, white bloom. Core larger, flesh yellowish, fine-grained, juicy, and like the Duchess it is very sour, and its size and angular shape make it inconvenient for cooking. Season, latter part of July.

Levant. G. W. P. Jerrard.

For the Maine Farmer.

Smut in Corn—Query.

For several years my corn has been more or less affected with what we call smut, and last year, it being so bad, the present season, I changed my seed, but to no purpose. I wish to know the probable cause and a remedy?

Branch Mills. A. S. Bean.

Fall Exhibitions.

Prospect and Stockton Town Fair.

The Prospect and Stockton Farmers' Club, held its second annual Cattle Show and Fair at Poospect, Sept. 26th. There were one hundred and five head of cattle entered in the several classes, twenty-six horses, and eight entries of poultry. No sheep or swine were exhibited. The fair was a perfect success—a large variety of fruit, vegetables, cereals, &c., was shown, all of the very best quality.

Stallions, 5 years old, 1st premium to E. C. Grant. Stallion 3 years old, 1st, Dr. Hopkins, Searsport. Breeding Mares, 1st, Wm. H. Ginn; 2d, Isaac T. Smith. Family horses, 1st, Lewis Mudgett: 2d, Wm, Ginn. Draft horses, 1st, N. H. Mudgett, 2d, Wm. B. Hawes. Matched horses, 1st, Amos Lane; 2d N. L. Littlefield. Fat oxen, 1st, Hervey Partridge; 2d, Simon B. Littlefield. Working oxen, 1st, Wm. Smith; 2d, Daniel Crockett. Three year old steers, 1st, Daniel Crockett. Two year old steers, 1st, Orchard D. Grant; 2d, L. H. W. Partridge. Stock cows, 1st, J. E. Jordon; 2d, Amos Lane. Dairy cows, 1st, Isaac T. Smith. Three year old heifers, 1st, Geo. W. Crockett; 2d, Wm. Smith. Two year old heifers, 1st, Geo. W. Crockett; 2d, Amos Lane. On poultry, the first premiums on light Brahmas, to Henry B. Heagan; 2d to Isaac T. Smith. Dark Brahmas, 1st, H. D. Harriman. Bolton grays, 1st, H. B. Heagan; 2d, Master Hulbert Grant. Houdans, 1st, H. B. Heagan. Polands, 1st, H. B. Heagan. Draft oxen, 1st, Daniel Crockett; 2d, Wm. Smith. Farm stock, 1st, Daniel Crockett; 2d, Wm. Smith. Greatest variety of potatoes shown by one man, 1st, Gooding Grant; 2d, L. H. & W. Partridge. Butter, 1st, Mrs. G. W. Crockett; 2d, Mrs. S. S. Trevett. Boquet of flowers, 1st, Mrs. L. Mudgett; 2d, Miss Mary H. Mudgett. On fruit, greatest variety and in best condition, exhibited by one man, 1st, John Libby; 2d, Gooding Grant. Dish of pears, 1st, Jeremiah Grant. Dish of Cranberries, two varieties, Luther Mudgett. Dish of grapes, 1st, Mrs. Luther Mudgett. A splendid sample of six varieties was exhibited by Mr. Franklin Treat, of Frankfort. A curiosity was shown by Mr. Cyrus Sherburn, in the form of a little apple tree, less than three feet in height, bearing nine splendid apples of the variety known as the Beauty of Kent. A show of agricultural implements by Messrs. Mudgett & Libby, Prospect, added much to the exhibition. Trotting, 4 year olds, 1st, E. C. Grant; 2d, Wm. Warren. Horses of any age, 1st, H. D. Harriman; 2d, Dr. F. W. Waning.

Isaac T. Smith, *Sec.*

North Waldo.

The North Waldo Agricultural Society held their annual Fair at Unity, Oct. 4th. The Trustees deliberated some time before concluding to have a fair this year, the drouth and grasshoppers having injured the grass to such an extent, and the farm crops, that they were doubtful whether we could get up a respectable show of stock and farm products and were very much surprised at the result, as the fair was a decided success, and is considered the best one we have had for years. For some years past the highest premium offered has has been for trotting horses, to the neglect of agricultural interests, and many of our substantial farmers had become so thoroughly disgusted therewith as to absent themselves therefrom. This year the Society abandoned the trotting park and offered no premium for trotting horses outside of the Society, and the farmers of this section not only put in an appearance themselves but brought out their best stock, etc.

There were some very nice horses on exhibition, and premiums were awarded as follows:

Horses. Best stallion, C. Butman, 1st; Dr. Wm. C. Gordon, 2d; Amos Stevens, 3rd. 3 year old colt, — Seavey, 1st; E. L. Ware, 2d; R. Boulter, 3d. Two-year-old stallion, R. P. Crosby, 1st. Two-year-old colt, N. W. Vickery, 1st; James Vickery, 2d. Mare and foal, B. B. Bartlett. Carriage horse, C. Butman, 1st; Henry Smith, 2d.

Cattle. Peter W. Ayer, 1st bull pure blooded Durham, of the Bates Stock, just 2 years old, girth 6 feet, 2 inches. This bull was purchased by Mr. Ayer of Augustus Whitman of Fitchburg, Mass.; is dark red, finely formed and very excellent animal, weighs 1290 pounds, and cost $500. Benj. R. Hunt, 2d; bull, grade Durham, 1 year old, red color, girth 6 feet 2 inches. First premium, town team, best 8 yoke of oxen awarded to Troy. (Eleven yoke presented.) Five year old oxen, C. H. White, 1st; Geo. W. Clark, 2d. Four year old oxen, C. H. White, 1st; O. Whitten, 2d; Joseph Higgins, 3d. Three year old steers, C. H. White, 1st; Stephen Rand, 2d. Beef oxen, Samuel Mitchell, 1st; E. Mosher, 2d. Two year old steers, Elias Seavey, 1st; E. P. Crosby, 2d. Best pair calves, Oliver Whitten. Stock cow, James Vickery, 1st; E. Rand, 2d. Dairy cow, T. B. Lane, 1st; N. A. Cates, 2. Draft oxen, G. W. Clark, 1st; S. Rand, 2d; Mark Piper, 3d.

Bristol Town Fair.

The second exhibition of the Bristol Agricultural Society was a success, exceeding that held last year both in the quantity and quality of the show, and the number in attendance. The show of oxen was large, the town team numbering thirty-five yoke. The departments of sheep, swine and poultry were somewhat meagre. The hall exhibition was very fine. Of the fruit department the reporter of the *Seaside Oracle* says: "In this department the display was very fine. Mr. Thomas Herbert, with his magnificent variety of apples, pears, grapes, etc., comes in for the first mention; his pears were the best in quality and the greatest variety on exhibition. We noticed a case containing twenty-two varieties of fine looking apples exhibited by Charles B. Woodward; also ten varieties of apples by Wilson M. Huey; seven varieties of apples by Thomas Fossett and a plate of Hamburg and sweet-water grapes by William C. Fossett. A plate of climbing currants, grown in the open air, clusters of good size and a fine red color, by William C. Fossett deserves especial notice. These were taken from the vine *on the day of the fair* and the vine in still full of fruit. Last year, we are informed, rich juicy fruit remained on the vines until the snows and winds of winter shook them off!" Dairy products were well represented, and the flower department was attractive. The fair continued three days, the concluding day an address was given by Ex-Gov. Chamberlain, and remarks made by Hon. E. Wilder Farley, of Newcastle. The officers of the Society are, Thomas Herbert, President, Dennis R. Hanley, Secretary.

Fryeburg Cattle Show.

Horses. Family horse, 1st, Caleb Frye, Fryeburg; 2d, Appleton Knight, do. Horse for all work, 1st, H. H. Walker, Fryeburg; 2d, J. W. Emery, Stow. Matched horses, N. Andrews, Lovell. Matched colts, 1st, M. N. Stanley, Porter; 2d, Paul Perkins, Fryeburg. Three year old colt, J. W. Emery. Two year old colt, 1st, J. G. Swan, Denmark; 2d, Calvin Harndon, Fryeburg. Two year stallion, S. Hayes, Conway, N. H.; Trotting horse, 1st, Barnes Walker, Lovell; 2d, Samuel Charles, Fryeburg.

Neat Stock, Town Teams, Sheep, Swine and Poultry. 2 year's grade bull, Ira Smart, Fryeburg; over one year, do., Nathan Charles; Durham yearling bull, do.; ball calf, do. Milch cow, H. O. Frost, Fryeburg. Trained steers by boy under 18, A. Walker, Fryeburg. Yearling heifer, 1st, Caleb Frye, Fryeburg; 2d, F. N. Frye, do.; 3d, Ira Smart. Working oxen, 1st, Calvin Harndon; 2d, James Walker; 3d, John Weston. Fat oxen, 1st, Aaron Jones, Sweden; 2d, J. W. Barker

Maine Farmer.

Augusta, November 4, 1871.

TERMS OF THE MAINE FARMER.

2.00 in advance, or $2.50 if not paid within Three Months of the date of Subscription.

☞All payments made by subscribers will be credited on the yellow slips attached to their papers. The printed date in connection with the subscriber's name will show the time to which he has paid, and will constitute, in all cases a valid receipt for money's remitted by him.

☞A subscriber desiring to change the post office direction of his paper must communicate to us the *name of the office to which it has been previously sent*, otherwise we shall be unable to comply with his request.

Collectors' Notices.

Mr. V. DARLING will visit Waldo County during October and November.

Mr. E. G. BEMMER will visit Waldo County during October and November.

Republicanism in England.

The political outlook in England at the present time is full of interest. Republican principles (to use a phrase often loosely employed whose precise meaning in this connection it would not be so easy to fix) have been rapidly gaining favor with large classes of the people, and the leaders in the movement make no secret of their intention to seize the first convenient opportunity to put their theories in practice. The government of England is of a very complex character. It is at once a monarchy, an aristocracy and a republic. The first is represented by the throne, the second by the House of Lords, and the last by the House of Commons. Monarchy and aristocracy have for centuries existed together, but the republican element is of comparatively recent origin. At first weak and timid, it has already grown so strong that neither the throne nor the House of Lords dare to resist its will. The throne was indeed long since deprived of all actual power, and to-day the nominal sovereign of the British Empire has far less authority than the president of a republic—is in fact, a mere automaton to register the decrees of Parliament and the ministry. The ministry, which is the real executive of the nation, is actually dependent upon the House of Commons, and its members can hold office only so long as they can command the support of a majority of that body to their measures. The House of Lords long maintained a position of authority in the government, but since the accession of the Gladstone ministry to power it has been forced in several instances to yield ignominiously to the popular branch of Parliament. With the latter rests the actual decision of political questions. Elected on a broad basis of suffrage, the House of Commons is essentially a republican body, and while it wields, as now, the supreme power, England is practically a republic.

But there remain plenty of relics of the dark old times when the King and his nobles held and enforced the doctrine that the people were made for them, not they for the people. The existence of a family of hereditary rulers, or, to speak with greater truth, of hereditary figure heads, is one of these relics. The existence of privileged classes is another. Just now the wrath of the republican agitators is turned particularly against the royal family. The poor old queen, once the idol of her people and perhaps of a majority of them still, is violently attacked, and since she has fallen under a suspicion of insanity, her resignation is loudly demanded. It is not, however, from a desire to see the Prince of Wales seated in her place, for towards him there exists a far more bitter and wide spread antipathy. One public speaker declares to a like-minded crowd of listeners that he shall never ascend the throne. Even now it is not improbable that the death of the Queen would be followed by an attempt at revolution; and what with the activity of the clubs, the constant bold agitation of the most radical political reforms and the general movement in England, as in all other enlightened countries, toward a popular form of government, the prospects of the heir apparent will grow cloudier still with the lapse of time.

A TUNNEL BETWEEN ENGLAND AND FRANCE. It now seems probable that the dream of a tunnel under the English Channel to connect England and France will be realized within a few years. It will, of course, be located at the narrowest part of the channel, where it receives the name of "Straits of Dover." The English terminus will be near Dover, and the French near Calais. The total length will be about twenty miles. The length alone would, before the execution of the Mont Cenis tunnel have made us incredulous of the feasibility of the project, and even the successful accomplishment of that magnificent work, would not be convincing, were not the rocks through which the Dover and Calais tunnel must pass of a softer consistence than the Alps. Instead of a rock that blunts the finest steel and which diamonds only can withstand, the whole distance from shore to shore will be through a stratum of gray chalk, which cuts almost as easily as ice. In the years 1867 and 1868, the matter was investigated by a joint commission of engineers appointed by the governments of England and France. They reported favorably and estimated the expense at ten millions of pounds sterling. The time requisite for its completion will not, it is thought, exceed five years. The two governments are now negotiating in relation to it, and it is probable that a private company will soon receive the privileges requisite to enable it to undertake the work.

☞Hon. Thomas Ewing, a distinguished citizen of Ohio, died at his residence in Lancaster, on Thursday afternoon last. Mr. Ewing was born in Ohio county, Virginia, Dec. 28, 1789. He entered the Ohio University after he had attained his majority, and the degree of bachelor of arts was there conferred upon him in 1815. The next year he was admitted to the bar. In 1831 he was appointed United States Senator, and became associated with Clay and Webster in their opposition to the so-called encroachments of the executive. He supported Mr. Clay's protective tariff bill. In 1857 he resumed the practice of law. He supported General Harrison for the Presidency during the campaign of 1840, and became Secretary of the treasury, in which position he was retained by President Tyler, but he afterwards resigned. In 1851, having held other official posts, he retired from political life and devoted himself to the practice of his profession.

☞This is the way they make Doctors at the "Eclectic Medical College" in Philadelphia. James Brown of Williamsburg, N. Y., supposes that he studied medicine in England for two years and practiced in this country for one year, and thinks he is entitled to a diploma of some sort. So he writes to the college about fees, and receives a letter requesting him to call on Dr. Bowlsby. He writes to Dr. Bowlesby, explaining that professional duties debar the pleasure of a personal interview, but would the doctor be kind enough to state the amount of the fees. An answer is received nominating $100 and an examination; Mr. Brown went to the doctor's herb shop and in *nine minutes* came out a full-fledged M. D., licensed to kill at will. And Mr. Brown was not even a medical student, he was only a reporter for the New York *Tribune*.

☞Nathaniel Sands, a member of the New York Reform Committee of Seventy, has resigned his position on the Committee, by request of Peter Cooper, Sands having acknowledged that he had made $75,000 in commissions, by the sale of city bonds to Belmont and the Rothchilds, while an officer of the city government, with a salary of $10,000 per annum. The law expressly prohibits such action by officials, and a suit will be brought to recover the amount appropriated by him.

☞The semi-annual meeting of the Grand Lodge of Good Templars of Maine was held at Portland on Thursday and Friday of last week. At a public meeting held in the City Hall on Friday evening, speeches were made by Gov. Perham and Rev. John Russell, of Michigan, R. W. Grand Templar of the order. As an illustration of the ideas and temper of the two speakers in dealing with the question of intemperance we make the following brief extracts from their remarks, as reported by the Portland *Advertiser:*

Gov. Perham said, "No man is exempt from the dangers of intemperance. No man can defy the power of liquor. The only safety is total abstinence. We must have moral suasion coupled with legal prohibition to subdue intemperance. With one alone we can never succeed, with both we may. The enforcement of the prohibitory law depends upon public sentiment. There is no trouble in enforcing it when public sentiment demands it."

Rev. Mr. Russell said: "The party in power where there is a prohibitory law is responsible for the grog selling in such communities. Neither of the present political parties handle the question of temperance. They did not dare to adopt it into their platforms. We must have a new national party, whose central idea shall be the prohibition of the liquor traffic. The time has passed when we can afford to play temperance. The ruinous effects of intemperance are too extensive to be allowed to longer exist. Total interdiction of the rum traffic should be the chief and first rallying cry of all true temperance men everywhere."

DISTRESSING SHIPWRECK. We learn from the Ellsworth *American* that the schooner Anna Gardiner of Surry, loaded with Calais lumber, sailed from Salem, for Philadelphia, Aug. 28th. Sept. 2d, a vessel bottom up, was seen off Chatham, Cape Cod. Sept. 11th a wreck landed on Chatham Bar, with stern gone, so that name or "hail" could not be obtained, and having the beam containing the number so shattered that it could not be told. Subsequently, by certain unmistakable marks it was shown that it was the wreck of this vessel. Of the entire crew nothing is known, consisting of William G. Treworgy, master; John Murray, mate; Charles C. Wasson, oldest son of Samuel Wasson; Edward Treworgy, son of S. C. Treworgy, all of Surry; and rumor says, a cook shipped in Salem. From what can be gathered, it is supposed the vessel was capsized in a sudden squall the night of Aug. 30th, although there are some slight indications of her having collided with some other vessel. The loss of a *lumber*-loaded vessel, together with all the crew, in the summer time, and upon *the* great coast-wise highway, is almost without a parallel, which gives hopes that they may have been rescued by some outward-bound vessel.

☞The daring feat of Capt. Knowlton and his crew, who rescued the schooner Horton from her captors, as she lay in a Nova Scotia port, and brought her into Gloucester, has received a great deal of admiration from our people, and we are afraid that the plain question of the right or the wrong of the affair has not been perfectly considered. The Horton was seized for alleged violation of the law relating to the coast fisheries. Was the allegation true or false? The account given by the admirers of Capt. Knowlton have little or nothing to say on this point, which would not be likely to be the case, if they had any reason to believe that the seizure was illegal. If, as we are forced to conclude, there was good ground for the seizure and detention of the vessel, her rescue is no more deserving of praise, than would be the rescue of an alleged offender against our own laws from the county jail, by a mob.

☞Gen. Jas. A. Hall of Damariscotta, delivered a lecture in Tremont Temple on Thursday evening last, on the Chicago fire. He was a spectator of the fearful scene and has a theory that there was "a concerted plan of incendiarism for the purpose of plunder." While standing on the corner of Randolph and Clark streets, looking up Clark street, he saw dense black smoke, followed by flames, burst out of a building not more than four blocks away; there was no fire in that vicinity and the flames came from the inside of the building. Similar cases, he said, were related by other people, and from such facts he was led to believe that "things" bearing the semblance of men, but really "fiends incarnate," helped to spread the flames.

CHOICE STOCK. The advertisement of Mr. Hall C. Burleigh, in our present issue, offers a rare chance for farmers to obtain first-class thoroughbred stock, from prize animals, and secures the advantages of their being sure of getting what they pay for. His stock is of undoubted purity, and those who have a fancy for the Herefords will be glad to know his herd has so much increased from careful breeding as to allow him to sell a few animals this fall.

☞On Friday last an indictment was found by the Grand Jury against W. Scott Harvey for the wilful murder of Everett Savage in this city, on the 20th of October last. He was arraigned before the Supreme Court on the same day and pleaded not guilty. The Court assigned him Eben F. Pillsbury and Joseph Baker, Esqs. as counsel. The trial will not probably take place until near the close of the present term of the Court.

☞Gov. Perham has issued a general order in which he compliments the military companies who were present during the ceremonies connected with the reception of President Grant, at the opening of the European & North American Railway, for their excellent soldierly conduct and the accuracy and precision of their marching and military manœuvres on that occasion.

☞The Pacific Engine Company of this city held their annual supper at their hall on Bridge street, on Monday evening last, the occasion being one of great enjoyment to all present. We were honored with an invitation to partake of the hospitalities of the Company, and regret that other engagements prevented.

☞The last rail on the Knox & Lincoln Railroad was laid on Monday last, and a large number of citizens of Rockland were assembled to witness the arrival of the first construction train that run the entire length of the road. Regular trains commenced running on Wednesday of the present week.

☞Wm. A. Brooks, Esq., one of our oldest and most respected citizens, for many years an enterprising merchant, and subsequently, until failing health compelled him to relinquish its responsibilities, President of the Granite Bank, died at his residence in this city on Sabbath evening last, at the age of seventy-one years.

☞The new government steamer Hassler, Capt. Philip C. Johnson, recently built for the United States Coast Survey, sailed for Boston of Tuesday, where Professor Agassiz and party are to be taken aboard. They then start on an exploring voyage around Cape Horn and up the Pacific.

☞Gov. Perham has addressed a letter to the Governor of Massachusetts in regard to the payment by the United States, of the claims of private owners of land on the northeastern boundary of Maine, ceded to Great Britain by the treaty of Washington.

☞Misses Sager & White, in another column, invite our readers to call and examine their large and carefully selected stock of millinery, which they offer at low prices.

☞Prof. Barbour, of the Bangor Theological Seminary, will supply the pulpit of the South Parish Church in this city during the three ensuing Sabbaths.

☞The President has issued a proclamation recommending Thursday, November 30th, to be observed as a day of National Thanksgiving.

☞The amount raised for the Chicago sufferers in this city thus far is $2,413.10.

Editor's Table.

GOLD DUST: For the Beautifying of Lives and Homes. By M. M. Pomeroy. [Brick Pomeroy.] New York: G. W. Carleton & Co., 1871. 12 mo. pp 275.

We have looked this book through carefully, although without reading every page. Here and there entire chapters, and page after page has been read, however, so that we believe we can form a not unfair estimate of its contents. We fail utterly to find any "gold dust" in the volume, or if there, it is in so small particles as to have escaped our dredging, but the "Brick dust" is in abundance. The titles of the several chapters are somewhat taking, and there is an attempt at the pathetic in nearly all the sketches; but they have not the ring of genuine metal, and while looking for gold we find but lead. We wish the book might do good service in the "beautifying of lives and homes," but fear the perusal of it will tend but little in this direction. Those who desire to obtain the book can find it at the news depot of J. Frank Pierce in this city.

THE LAST KNIGHT. A Romance-Garland. From the German of Anastasius Grun. Translated, with Notes, by John O. Sargent. New York: Hurd & Houghton: Cambridge, Riverside Press. 1871. pp 200.

The author of this poem is ranked as among the best and most distinguished of the living poets of Germany. The poem itself, or rather the series of ballads forming the volume, is founded on incidents in the life of Maximilian I. (1459–1518). The stirring incidents of that heroic time, the magnificent nuptials of the Emperor and Mary, the contest between France and Germany, and all the circumstances of romantic adventure render the subject a most brilliant one. It is now for the first time published in English, and lovers of fastidious books will be pleased with the faultless manner in which the publishers have brought it out. It is dedicated to Oliver Wendell Holmes.

For sale in this city by Clapp & North.

FOUR, AND WHAT THEY DID. By Helen C. Weeks. Illustrated. New York: Hurd & Houghton, Cambridge, Riverside Press. 1871. pp 315.

A collection of nine charming stories for young people, of which the first, which gives the title to the book, occupies nearly half the volume. Some of them, if we mistake not, have heretofore appeared in the *Riverside Magazine*, but they will be new to hosts of readers to whom the beautiful book will come for the first time. Mrs. Weeks is one of our best writers for young people, as readers of the "Ainslee Stories," "White and Red," &c., well know. The book can be found at Messrs. Clapp & North, and will make a pretty birthday or Christmas present.

STORIES FROM OLD ENGLISH POETRY. By Abby Sage Richardson. New York: Hurd & Houghton: Cambridge Riverside Press. Pp 281. [For sale in this city by Clapp & North.]

This neat volume contains a dozen or fifteen stories from Chaucer, Spencer, Shakespeare and other old English poets, with brief sketches of their lives; written in a manner calculated to engage the interest and attention of young readers, and induce them to seek a more intimate acquaintance with the great masters of English poetry, of which this volume gives but a few examples.

STOLEN WATERS. By Celia E. Gardiner. New York: G. W. Carleton & Co. 1871. 12 mo. pp 326.

We thank the publishers for sending us—through J. Frank Pierce, of this city—a copy of the above book, but they will please excuse us from reading it. To wade through a single page like the following, (a fair sample of the whole) is as much as we can stand at once:

"I went up to church a few Sabbaths ago,
My friend did not sing, nor did Mrs. D. So
There was naught to disturb my devotions, Relieved
I felt, I must own. Some days since I received
A letter from him, and a nice one. He writes
That he came on from Boston the previous night.
Had taken a cold most severe, and was then
Going home for a steaming."

We hope the steaming relieved him, but have no patience to read on to ascertain. Our time, and that of any one else, can be much better occupied. We sincerely hope the publishers are secured from loss in printing over three hundred pages of senseless twaddle like the above.

"THE FALL OF MAN." Messrs. G. W. Carlton & C., New York, publish in pamphlet form, "The Fall of Man; or the Loves of the Gorillas;" a popular scientific lecture upon the Darwinian Theory of Development by Sexual Selection. By a Learned Gorilla. With Illustrations. Price 30 cents. For sale in this city by J. Frank Pierce.

NEW NOVELS. "Lady Judith," by Justin McCarthy, and "Overland," by J. W. DeForest, which have been publishing in the *Galaxy*, are now completed and issued in book form. Sheldon & Co., publishers, New York. For sale in this city by Clapp & North.

HIGHWAY ROBBERY. The Bangor *Whig* of Thursday last, says that Moses Hubbard of Upper Stillwater, dislocated his shoulder while about his work in Sutton's mill on Saturday, and was obliged to lay by for a time. He stopped with friends in Orono until last night, when he started to come to this city to take the morning train for the West, and was walking on the Veazie road, about three and a half miles above this city, when he was accosted by three men who asked if he had anything to drink. He replied "No, I don't use that kind of medicine."

Then one of the strangers said, "Well, you've probably got some money," and all three set upon him, two holding him while the third took his wallet containing about $35 in money. Hubbard being disabled could make no resistance. After securing the money they told him to move on and want in an opposite direction. A gentleman coming to this city with a team soon after overtook him and brought him down, arriving here about one o'clock this morning. Hubbard has relations in this city where he found lodgings, but is left penniless and disabled—a truly distressing condition.

LABOR WANTED IN CHICAGO. The Chicago *Tribune* says that from 500 to 600 additional brick and stone masons can find employment in that city through the winter at from four to five dollars a day, and that two thousand carpenters can find employment at high wages. In March there will be work for twice this number in both trades; also workers in wood and iron, plumbers, gas-fitters and all kinds of metal workers will be wanted. Thousands of laborers who are now starving in New York and other cities, can find work at good wages with comfortable homes for themselves and their families on farms within a hundred miles of Chicago.

☞The cash subscriptions to the Chicago Relief Fund, acknowledged by the Boston Committee have reached the sum of $421,314 00, and the Shoe & Leather Dealers, collections about $34,000, The contributions of clothing, provisions, &c., forwarded by the Young Men's Christian Association and Christian Mission, will amount in value to $50,000 more, making a splendid total of more than half a million of dollars given by the people of Boston in aid of their suffering brethren of Chicago.

The fund collected in London up to Saturday last, for the Chicago sufferers, amounted to $210,000, and in Manchester to $80,500.

☞A most important arrest of counterfeiters was made in New York on Thursday last. Ballard, one of the gang, is the only man outside of the Government employ who knows the secret of manufacturing the Government fibre paper, and the material captured comprises a $10,000 transfer press and is believed to be the only one not used in the Treasury Department. Full sets of steel and copper plate for printing $1000, $20, $10 and $2 bills were captured, and also full sets of plates for 50 cent stamps; full sets of Treasury seals for stamping seals on notes; type for altering notes, and $4,500 in counterfeit bills.

☞The Governor has nominated Hon. M. D. L. Lane Judge of the Supreme Court of Cumberland County, vice Judge C. W. Goddard resigned.

THE EUROPEAN & NORTH AMERICAN RAILWAY. The following history of the original projection, progress and successful completion of the European and North American Railway, the opening of which from Bangor to St. John, N. B., has been recently celebrated with so much eclat and rejoicing, will, no doubt be of interest to our readers:

The European & North American Railway *per se* has its origin in the convention of 1850 at Portland. This convention was called by Hon. John A. Poor, recently deceased, and was attended by many distinguished gentlemen interested in obtaining a route which would shorten the ocean travel between this country and Europe. Among these were Wyman B. S. Moore, the present Governor (Wilmot) of New Brunswick, Geo. F. Shepley, Noah Smith, Elijah L. Hamlin, Governor John Hubbard (who presided), and many others. At this convention the name was adopted, which has been preserved ever since, and shortly after, in August of the same year, a charter was obtained from the State of Maine for a company to build from Waterville, then a terminus of a branch of the Atlantic and St. Lawrence road, to the boundary line of New Brunswick, to connect with the portion to be built in the provinces, which it was proposed to run to Halifax. Charters were immediately granted by the governments of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, which granted facilities to the corporators, and in the latter part of 1850 and in 1851, Mr. A. C. Morton of New York (who died during the past summer) made a survey of whole route for the State of Maine and at its expense.

Then, in 1852, the companies in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, together with the provinces, made a contract with Jackson, Peto, Betts & Co., of England, to build their portions of the road, and the first sod was turned in St. John in 1853, Robert Jardine being the President of the New Brunswick Company. They continued work until 1855, but made little progress, and during the financial difficulties of that year, caused by the Crimean war, they suspended entirely.

Two years after the government of New Brunswick took up the portion between St. John to Shediac, as a government work, and completed it in 1860, Mr. Jardine then being the commissioner, the original name being preserved for this portion. During the same period the Nova Scotia government built the portion between Halifax and Truro, on the same basis, calling it the Nova Scotia railway. These two portions are now owned by the Dominion of Canada, and the portion between Monckton and Truro is now being constructed by the Canadian government to connect these two portions. When this is done the gap of 75 miles now remaining will be filled, and a continuous line from Bangor to Halifax will be an accomplished fact, the entire length from Bangor to Halifax being 478 miles.

While this work was done in the provinces the Kennebec and Penobscot road was built from Waterville to Bangor.

Thus from 1855 to 1865 active operations on the European and North American railway as a whole were almost entirely dropped, but the work had gradually progressed by piecemeal, as it were. In November of the latter year, Mr. E. R. Burpee of St. John, imbued with the importance of the matter, came to Bangor, and had a conference with John A. Poor and others, and succeeded in bring it out from its comparative oblivion and quiescence. During the same year Mr. Poor succeeded in buying the charter of the Penobscot Valley railroad, which covered the route from Bangor to Oldtown, 12 miles, and which owned the graded road to Orono, above spoken of.

In the following April a charter was obtained from New Brunswick to build a road to the boundary of Maine, to connect with the road to be built by the Maine company, of which Mr. Poor was then President, and that government also granted the subsidy of $10,000 per mile.

In May, 1861, Mr. Burpee made a survey and location at the expense of the Government of New Brunswick, and organized a company, with Mr. Marks of St. John as President, obtained subscriptions from private individuals to the amount of $200,000, and from the Government of that province of $300,000 more.

In June, 1865, a contract was made between these two companies, whereby the Maine company was to take the facilities of the New Brunswick company, and build its road, as well as that on this side of the boundary. The Maine company shortly after let the building of the whole road, from Bangor to St. John, to Pierce & Blaisdell of Boston.

Very little progress was made for a year or two, but in 1867 active operations were commenced on both ends of the route. Pierce & Blaisdell sold out their contract to the International Construction and Transportation Company, and in June 17, that year, Mr. Burpee took the contract for building 30 miles of the road, from St. John to Vanceboro'. This was finished and opened on the 1st of December, 1869. Mr. Parks, who was President of that company up to this time, left for Liverpool in January, on the City of Boston, and was among her unknown victims, and Alex. Jardine, brother of the first President, was chosen to the place. In the Maine company there was also a change, Mr. G. K. Jewett of Bangor being elected to the Presidency in the place of Mr. Poor, the father of the road, who then ceased active connection with it. The road was built from Bangor to Mattawamkeag during the same time, and opened to travel thus far, 58 miles, in November, 1869.

The country thence to Vanceboro', on the border, presenting some difficulties, work was delayed upon it until 1870, on account of the difficulties of finding a good location, when the contract was let for these 56 miles to Brooks, Gordon & Ryan, of Brockville, Canada, and the road was completed and open for travel the first passenger train passed over it on Tuesday, Oct. 10, 1871.

MORE OFFICIAL FRAUDS. The Washington correspondent of the Boston *Journal* gives in that paper of Tuesday last the following particulars of an attempt by ex-Congressman Stokes of Tennessee to defraud the Government, with the prompt arrest of Stokes and his accomplices:

On the 24th of July, 1870, Congressman Stokes, in conjunction with other members of the Tennessee delegation, and strongly Southern lobby, succeeded in getting a bill through Congress for the relief of Capt. Beatty and his company, one hundred and two men, known as the "Independent Tennessee Rangers." It was claimed that his was an irregular organization of Tennessee volunteers, who had rendered invaluable services in behalf of the Union, and this act granted them the usual Government bounties, pay and enrollment from 1862 to April, 1865, the same to be allowed by the Second Auditor of the Treasury upon presentation of proper papers. After his term in Congress expired Stokes was very busy in getting the accounts of this Company settled. About three months since the attention of a certain official was called to irregularities in the bounty claims for this Company, which were presented for payment in the Second Auditor's office. Detectives were at once put on the track, and they succeeded in unearthing certain facts in regard to the patented claims which show several systematic attempts to swindle the Government. It was found that Beatty's company never consisted of over fifty men, and that one-half of this number never rendered any military aid to the Government whatever. The rest of the claimants never existed save on paper. It was also found that a clerk in the Second Auditor's office, named Victor S. Powell, and who prepared all the bounty paper, relating to this company, was acting in collusion with Stokes and several other prominent parties to practice this imposition upon the Treasury. Powell was arrested this morning, Stokes this evening, and both placed under bonds at $5000. R. J. Meigs, Clerk of the Supreme Court, went bail for Stokrs. Detectives are now on the track of other parties who are operating in Tennessee, and their arrest is momentarily expected.—The amount involved in these swindles is $60,000.

WEST POINT CADETS PUNISHED FOR HAZING. The Secretary of War has dismissed from the Military Academy for treating with violence and harassing the other cadets: Cadets John W. Wilson, DeWitt Clinton Frazier, Santiago F. Hubbell and John L. Stiles, and for the same cause ordered Cadet Albert H. Miller to be deprived of his next furlough, and confined to the limits of the "plain" of the Academy until the commencement of the next academic year, and Cadet Albert H. Hammon to be confined to the limits of the "plain" until the next academic year.

PICKINGS, STEALINGS AND SAVINGS. The New York *Tribune* prints detailed official records of the real estate transactions of the members of the Ring in that city. Controller Connolly, who was sued for debt in 1866, has accumulated since then while in office two million three hundred thousand dollars of real estate and bonds. Wm. M. Tweed, since 1868 has accumulated four millions, four hundred and seventy thousand dollars in real estate, etc., besides other transactions amounting to two and a half millions. Peter B. Sweeney has accumulated one million and a half dollars worth of real estate in three years.

THE NEW YORK FRAUDS. On Friday afternoon last, Wm. H. Tweed was arrested by Sheriff Brennen. Bail was furnished by Tweed to the amount of $2,000,000, Jay Gould, Terence Farley, Hugh Hastings, Barnard Kelley and P. O. Fairchild, being the bondsmen. The bill of complaint against Tweed, Garvey, Ingersoll, and Woodward, asks judgment for $6,312,000, with interest thereon from September 1st, 1870, and the costs of action. It is based on the resolution of the board of audit under which Watson's audits of claims were admitted without inspection by the Mayor, or Comptroller Tweed.

Another suit is commenced in the Supreme Court against Tweed, by Corporation Counsel O'Gorman, in behalf of the Board of Supervisors, charging him with a corrupt conspiracy to defraud the city by fraudulent charges for work and materials, and is to be tried in New York.

Tweed has been busy in securing his plunder. The *Times* of Friday last, states that for the last few weeks he has been engaged in hiding away all his personal and real estate. His stocks have been nearly all sold or transferred, and all his houses and lots in this city have been made over to his relatives. Over four millions worth of his real estate has been thus transferred within a few days, and yesterday he made over to Richard M. Tweed, his son, real estate to the value of $975,000, including his 5th Avenue residence. Ingersoll, Garvey and Woodward have fled, thus leaving Tweed alone to answer to the complaint.

The New York *World*, the leading democratic paper of New York city, says:

The facts and exhibits which we publish this morning, make a strong *prima facie* case against Mr. Tweed. The evidence seems sufficient to convict him, in public estimation at least, of gigantic robberies of the county treasury. Nobody can doubt that Mr. Tweed is a public robber. We proceed to state, as succinctly as possible, the substance and bearing of the proofs.

We will begin by describing Woodward. This individual was a mere deputy clerk of the Board of Supervisors. Owing his place to Mr. Tweed and receiving a small salary, he would seem to be one of the last persons whose conduct could require public discussion. But when we find that this obscure, insignificant person, this mere deputy clerk, deposited in the Broadway Bank, in the course of three months, the enormous sum of three and a half million dollars, we are startled and puzzled. Was it his own money, or was it somebody's else. If anybody chooses to believe that this obscure deputy clerk, Woodward, deposited in the Broadway Bank his own money to that enormous amount, let the believer tell his story to "the marines." If it was Woodward's own money, how did he acquire it? Why should a man with so heavy a bank account consent to do petty clerical drudgery, at a small compensation, for the Board of Supervisors? It would be ridiculous to suppose that it was his money he deposited in such prodigious sums in the Broadway Bank. Woodward was evidently a man of straw, a tool of others, and a convenient blind to screen their transactions. But why should they need this serviceable, this servile screen? What possible objection can any *honest* man have to keeping his bank account in his own name? This man Woodward's final indorsement of great amounts of city warrants and his enormous deposits in the Broadway Bank, are such presumptive evidence of fraud as to challenge scrutiny.

Woodward not only made many deposits in the bank, but from time to time, at frequent intervals drew checks against those deposits. Woodward's checks tell a singular story. Woodward draws a check, on one day for so many dollars and cents, and on the very same day Mr. Tweed makes a deposit in the bank of precisely the same amount, dollar for dollar, cent for cent, without a fraction of variation. The next day, or a day or two after, Woodward draws another check, and on the very same day Tweed make another deposit exactly equal in amount to Woodward's check. This business goes on for months with the same precise and curious correspondence between the figures of Woodward's checks and the figures of Tweed's simultaneous deposits. The conclusion is irresistible that the money originally deposited by Woodward, was Tweed's money, dishonestly acquired, deposited in the bank in a fraudulent name, under a false pretence, and restored to the real owner by Woodward's checks. How else could it have happened, in scores of instances, that the exact amount, to a cent, which was checked out by Woodward was on the very same day deposited to the credit of Tweed? To suppose that such a person as Woodward owned the three or four millions which he deposited is preposterous; and the exact correspondence between his checks and Tweed's deposits, day by day and dollar for dollar, discloses the real owner of that part of the money, amounting to about a million dollars, thus checked out by Woodward, and deposited in the same bank by Tweed in less than four months dating from the early part of May 1870. A great deal of Woodward's enormous deposits went to other parties than Tweed, and those other parties have not yet been traced. But Tweed's bank account affords a huge specimen of the whole.

RIOT IN CALIFORNIA. A San Francisco despatch reports a desperate riot at Los Angeles on Wednesday last. A fight having occurred in the Chinese quarter, officer Baldwin attempted to arrest a Chinaman for shooting another. He was resisted, and called on Robert Thompson, a citizen, to assist him. The Chinese on both sides the narrow street opened fire on both, when Thompson fell, shot through the breast, and died immediately. Officer Baldwin was shot through the shoulder, but succeeded in getting on horseback and escaped. A Mexican boy was also shot through the leg. A mob soon collected, and the greatest excitement prevailed. They attacked the whole Chinese quarters, but were resisted by the Chinese. Five hundred armed men surrounded the Chinese quarters to prevent any from escaping, while fifteen Chinamen were hanged by the mob and their houses set on fire. The fire was extinguished, and at 9 o'clock in the evening order was partially restored by the authorities and the bloodshed stopped.

Later details give a worse version of the riot. The mob, it appears, were actuated solely from animosity of race and a desire for plunder. The witnesses before the coroner's jury were apparently reluctant to give their testimony, fearing to implicate two Irishmen, who boasted of assisting in killing Chinese. The Chinaman who shot officer Baldwin has been turned over to the authorities by the Chinese themselves. From $14,000 to $30,000 and all the valuables belonging to the Chinese were carried off by the mob, and even those arrested were robbed on the way to jail. Many of the rioters have been arrested, and it is hoped will be dealt with by the authorities as they deserve.

☞The small pox is prevailing to an alarming extent in the West. In Pittsburg, Penn., sad havoc has been occasioned by the disease. The same in Chilicothe, Ohio, while in Cincinnati it has raged since September last, during which time 146 deaths have occurred. At present the dreadful scourge is raging with all the force of an epidemic in various towns surrounding Columbus, Ohio. There seems to be a systematic effort on the part of the authorities of all large cities to suppress the fact that small pox prevails within their limits, in order that it may not deter villagers and country folks from visiting cities on business. Unsuspecting people are thus very often deliberately led into the jaws of the pestilence.

☞No less than four executions took place last Friday, two in Forth Carolina, one in Florida and one in Indiana. Brooks, who was hung in Indiana, murdered a man named Slater in the most cold-blooded and brutal manner possible simply for the money he was supposed to have about him. He was a young loafer, notable only for his small hands and feet, and a countenance rather more pleasing than repulsive. Yet such was the sympathy for this villain that two hundred ladies visited him in his cell the day before he was hung.

☞Gen. Robert Anderson, the hero of Fort Sumter died in Nice, France, on the evening of Thursday last. He had gone from Venoy to Nice, three weeks ago, hoping to receive benefit from the change. His family was with him. His remains will be brought by the United States vessel Guerriere to this country for interment.

Items of Maine News.

Capt. Robert Given launched a new schooner of 150 tons, at his yard in Brunswick, on Monday the 16th.

The Dix Island Granite Company have just finished a fine hall for worship on that island, where clergymen of different denominations will officiate.

The *Press* has seen a fine bust of the late Hon. Wm. Pitt Fessenden, which is being modeled in clay by a gentleman named O'Brien, an artist of decided talent.

The Lewiston *Journal* says two young men formerly of Greene, who had been doing business in Chicago, have not been heard of since the fire, although several telegrams have been sent to ascertain if they are still living.

On Tuesday of last week, Horace Sperry, 23 years of age, a workman in the saw mill of T. J. Wallace at East Sullivan, fell off of a log into the pond, and was drowned. The body was recovered.

The village of Knightville, Cape Elizabeth, is likely to have a church. W. W. Thomas of Portland gives the land, and S. H. Mayberry of the same place, furnishes the building on condition that it will be free to all.

Gen. Henry W. Cunningham, a native of Swanville, and for many years a resident of Belfast, died suddenly at the residence of his son, in Washington, D. C., on the 7th, at the age of 65 years.

On Friday, an insane man named Pottle, set the woods on fire in the rear of Capt. John Erskine's house in Pittston, with the avowed purpose of burning the house; but the fire was discovered in time to prevent it. He was carried to the asylum.

The *Whig* says that the house and barn of Geo. Barter at North Searsport, were burned on Sunday the 22d. The origin of the fire, which was first discovered in a chamber, is unknown. Insured for $800.

The Machias *Union* says the State Railroad Commissioners have inspected the bridges on the St. Croix and Penobscot line, and find them all more or less defective. Supt. Sawyer will commence to rebuild at once.

The Pejepscot National Bank at Brunswick, has voted to continue business, and has elected Capt. L. H. Stover, of Harpswell, as Cashier.

The Farmington *Chronicle* hears from the section of country around Rangely lakes that snow fell there last Wednesday and Thursday to the depth of some twelve inches, and that sleigh rides and coasting were the order of the day.

A boy named Charles Goodwin, nine years old, of Lincoln Centre, while playing on a siding at that place, on Tuesday the 24th, was jammed between two cars and instantly killed.

The Methodist Society in Dexter are raising their house of worship with a view to building vestries and library rooms, the whole to be heated by furnaces. This is a very enterprising society. The Sunday school is in a flourishing condition.

A correspondent of the Lewiston *Journal* saw last week in Hancock, a Mr. Wooster, digging potatoes, who is aged 96 years 6 months. His wife is living, and next year should they both be spared, they will be entitled to their diamond wedding, having lived together 75 years.

S. Augustus Davis, formerly of Farmington, was accidentally killed at Hamilton, Nevada, on the 10th inst. For the past few months he had been in the employ of a surveying party.

Joseph Odell of the Lafayette *Journal*, died at Lafayette, Ind., last Friday. He was a graduate of Waterville College, and had been connected with several journals in the western States. He belonged to the class of 1857.

The *Journal* says that a few days since a team belonging to Mr. Charles Haskell of Auburn, backed off an embankment, rolling 75 feet into a gulch, where the driver picked himself up unhurt. The horses were badly bruised but not seriously injured.

The Oxford *Democrat* says that Joseph Pollard, of Bethel, who was run over by the cars at Gorham, N. H., the 2d inst., did not commit suicide as at first supposed, but had been drinking, and lay down across the track and so was killed.

Rev. Wm. A. Spaulding, a graduate of the Bangor Theological Seminary, and lately stationed at Newcastle, sails from Boston Nov. 1st, as Missionary to Nicomedia, Turkey.

Lost overboard from schooner Fred P. Frye of Camden, in the gale of the 11th inst., off Margaree Island, Gulf of St. Lawrence, Mr. Thomas Robeson of Belmont, aged about 51 years. He leaves a wife and two children.

The Conference of the Congregational churches of Kennebec county, held at Waterville on Tuesday and Wednesday, was one of unusual interest. Large delegations were in attendance from Augusta, Hallowell and Gardiner, including many active business men. The services were of a highly interesting character throughout the session.

The Machias *Union* says that the new brig built by Capt. J. W. Sawyer, at Milbridge in attempting to launch October 14, broke through the ways and stopped. The vessel was not injured, or if any but slightly. She was full rigged, and the break down causes some delay. The brig is to be commanded by Capt. Nathan Tracy of Gouldsboro.

Last Saturday, Capt. Thomas B. Hill, accompanied by his son, Ellwood, his nephew, Willie Simpson, and Daniel Graham, started in a skiff to go to Soward's Island, in Flanders Bay. On the passage down the bay, by some accident the skiff was upset, and young Graham was drowned. After clinging to the boat for about half an hour, the remaining three were rescued in a very exhausted condition.

A dispatch from London states that the bark J. B. Bradley, of Bucksport, from London to Philadelphia, was run down off the Isle of Wight, by a steamer whose name is not given, and a portion of her crew perished. No damage to the steamer is reported.

The Bangor *Whig* says Mr. Edward Beetham of Chester, died last week at the great age of one hundred and three years, having been born in June, 1768. His funeral was largely attended, and many very aged people were present. The funeral sermon was preached by Elder Gowen of Enfield, who has attained the advanced age of 90 years.

The Universalist society of Auburn have recently purchased a site for a new church contiguous to that of the present, for which they have paid $1,800. The present church, though of good size, elegant and as good as new, will not nearly supply the calls for pews. The society, which is united and strong, will erect a structure at the proper time which will seat from seven to eight hundred persons.

The Maine Central Railroad Company propose to narrow the guage of their road from Waterville to Danville Junction, between the 9th and 11th of November, and on the following Monday, the 13th, will commence to run regular trains through over the extension from Danville to Cumberland.

Detective Simeon E. Walker of Bangor, on Thursday arrested a

Foreign News.

Latest from Europe.

GREAT BRITAIN.

London, Oct. 25. The contributions to Chicago received at the Mansion House amount to £41,000. The town of Bradford subscribed £4250.

The *Times* urges the dispatch of prompt and liberal aid to the sufferers in Wisconsin and Michigan. It says if such aid is not afforded to these unfortunate people the ultimate suffering from the northwestern fires will be greater that can follow the Chicago conflagration.

An explosion occurred this afternoon in the Lehon mine near New Castle. There were thirty-three men in the pit. None have been yet reached. There is scarcely any hope of saving a single life.

Dublin, Oct. 26. The trial of Kelley who murdered head constable Talbot will commence Monday next.

London, Oct. 27. Thirty of the thirty-three men in the mines at Leahan where the explosion occurred yesterday are dead. The pit is on fire and another explosion is feared.

Queen Victoria contributed £500 for Chicago The Mayor of Bristol has received £1600.

Minister Schenck is indisposed and has gone into the country to recruit.

Tatersal is commissioned to arrange a match between the horse Sterling and the American horse Harry Bassett. The stake proposed is £10,000 a side, £2000 to be allowed to the owner of Harry Bassett to run the match in England; distance one mile and a half; horses to carry equal weights.

London, Oct. 28. [Special to N. Y. *World.*] At a recent Cabinet council held to consider questions relating to the Royal family, the Queen was asked to give her consent to the marriage of the Duke of Edinburg with the Russian Princess, also consent to establish a regency with the Prince of Wales as regent. She refused assent to either proposition. Subsequently she refused to affix the Royal signature to public documents which were presented. The Cabinet afterwards continued the discussion of the question of regency, and a definite proposition was introduced to appoint a Chancellor to sign documents in place of the Queen.

An immense gathering took place yesterday at Blackheath Common, Greenwich, at which Mr. Gladston addressed his constituents in defence of his administration. The address was received with enthusiastic demonstrations of approval.

London, Oct, 31. The *Gazette* this evening publishes the new regulation to carry out the provisions of the bill for the abolition of the purchase system in the army. The main features of the regulations is a rigid examination of all applicants, which they are required to pass before they can receive a military commission.

An address to ex-Emperor Napoleon is circulating for signatures among the officers and soldiers who served in the army under the empire. When a sufficient number of signatures is obtained, it will be forwarded to Chiselhurst. Its contents have not been made public.

Dublin, Oct. 31. The trial of the Fenian who murdered a constable for informing, creates much excitement. The police are hissed and the prisoner cheered from the prison to court room. No disturbance of a serious character is apprehended.

Five cabinet councils were held during the past week, the foreign policy of the government being the main subject of discussion. The reorganization of the army is progressing actively. Regiments are being brought up to the war standard and there is an immense accumulation of war material. Early changes in the ministry are contemplated by the elevation of some of the present ministers to the peerage.

FRANCE.

Paris, Oct. 25. Baron Cajuba, Brazilian Ambassador here, has received official notification of his appointment by the Emperor of Brazil as arbitrator under the treaty of Washington.

The Courier Diplomatique publishes a communication, which it says comes from a diplomatic personage in high rank, making important revelations in regard to the negotiations which preceded the war between Denmark, Prussia and Austria. The statement is as follows: In 1834 Earl Russell, then British Minister of Foreign Affairs, made overtures through Lord Cowley, British Ambassador to Paris, to M. Rhouber, proposing an alliance offensive and defensive, with France to help Denmark in case Prussia and Austria declared war against her. England was to co-operate by sea and land, and was willing to promise France in return for her assistance, the rectification of her frontiers on the Rhine by annexation of a frontier of Rhinish provinces. Rhouher asked time for consideration of the proposals, but in three days from the time they were laid before Rhouher, the Emperor Napolen accepted them.

Lord Cowley immediately communicated the fact to his government, whereupon Russel replied that it was not too late as Her Majesty's government desired not to interfere in the case of Denemark.

This closed the negotiations and no attempt was made to re-open the subject.

Paris, Oct. 26. The number of communists released by the courts is not less than ten thousand.

Paris, Oct. 27. Rossel, the Communist leader, appealed a second time from the decision of the Military Court before which he was tried. The appeal was again rejected. The Pardons Commission meets on the 8th prox., when a large proportion of the Communists remaining in prison will probably be liberated.

Count Palikao, the Minister of State under the Empire, publishes a pamphlet in justification of his conduct.

The French government yet owes the Swiss Confederation, two and a half million francs expended by the latter in the maintenance of Bourbaki's army.

Paris, Oct., 31 The disarmament of the National guard throughout France is nearly completed.

It is thought that none of the Communists remaining in prison will be executed, with the exception of M. Ferre.

SPAIN.

Madrid, Oct., 26. The rumors of the conspiracies against the government by the partizans of the Duke of Montpensier and of the Infant Alfonzo are without a shadow of truth.

The whole Kingdom is perfectly quiet and no demonstration of the kind against the dynasty of Savoy is apprehended.

Madrid, Oct. 31. Further arrests of conspirators have been made at Barcelona and additional evidence of their guilt has been brought to light. Stores of arms, bombs and other warlike implements have been discovered The International society is at the bottom of the plot and the men arrested are for the most part members of that organization.

GERMANY.

London, Oct., 27. The German parliament has adopted a resolution, ratifying the treaty with France.

Frankfort, Oct. 27. The operatives of Chemnitz, a large manufacturing town of Saxony, have struck for work. They demand the reduction of time to ten hours and increased pay for work done over time. The operations of twenty factories have been suspended in consequence of the movement.

ROME.

Rome, Oct. 26. The workingmen's society of Rome and Naples have refused to participate in the congress of workingmen which is shortly to be held at Rome, on the ground that the assembly will be a mere republican demonstration and unfriendly to Italy. The government has relaxed the vigor of its precautions against the International and partizans of republican agitation, believing their principles have no hold on the Italian people.

Rome, Oct. 28. An allocution of the Pope is published in which, while he recognizes the bishops appointed by the Italian government as possessing the requisite qualifications, he solemnly protests against the invasion of the Holy See. He also condemns the course of Dr. Dollinger, and such as are following his example, in warring against the Ecumenical Council.

It is still asserted that the Pope will leave Rome.

The Cuban war the past year has cost Spain $62,000,000.

IMPOSTERS. The success which HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU has attained during the past twenty years has induced many unprincipled parties to imitate it. Physicians now almost universally prescribe "*Helmbold's Buchu*," on account of its purity and known value, established after standing the test and severe criticism of the most eminent professors of pharmacy throughout this country and Europe. The *Buchu*, as prepared by Dr. Helmbold, is all that is needed. Every bottle of the Extract has full directions for its use. A medicine bearing the unqualified indorsement of such men as *Dr. Physic, Prof. Dewees, Dr. Ephriam McDowell* and *Prof. Travers*, of the *Royal College of Surgeons* cannot fail to find its way to the confidence of millions of families. Among the many advertised remedies, none more fully and faithfully carry out all that is claimed for it than the above named deservedly popular medicine. As a curative power for all Diseases of the Kidneys, Bladder, Female Weakness, Gravel, Dropsy, Dyspepsia, and other complaints consequent upon irregular habits, there is nothing to equal it. There are numberless concoctions called *Fluid Extract Buchu;* thence our friends in purchasing should be careful to ask for get none other than HELMBOLD'S. Dr. Helmbold's Drug and chemical Warehouse is located at 594 Broadway, N. Y.—*N. Y. Evening Globe.*

A MYSTERIOUS MURDER AND OUTRAGE. The following details of another terrible tragedy, occurring near Boston on Tuesday night of last week, we copy from the account given in the Boston *Advertiser;*

Another terrible tragedy has occurred to shock the public mind, and call for the utmost vigilance and cunning of the police to unveil the mystery which shrouds the act. A milkman driving into the city Wednesday morning from Brookline discovered in the marshy grass by the right hand side of Western Avenue, what he thought to be human garments, and a closer view, which he obtained by stopping his wagon, showed him the body of a woman lying there frightfully mangled, the clothing nearly all torn from the limbs, the hair dishevelled and clotted with the blood which had oozed from gashes on her head, while a stone as big as a quart measure, which had crushed in the top of her skull, had rolled over into her hat. Other persons who had driven over the avenue more rapidly had noticed something unusual lying there, but had not suspected the dreadful fact which was soon to be discovered. Not far from the body there lay an iron furnace wrench, fifteen inches long, which had evidently been used for murderous blows upon the dead girl. For it was clear that the victim was a young person, and the marks of a severe struggle which existed in the vicinity furnished convincing proof that she had made such an effort to save herself from her assailants as only a girl in the full strength and vigor of youth could have been capable of. The following are the details of the murder so far as they were developed yesterday.

Kate Lehan was a young Irish girl, capable and rather gay spirited, whose eighteenth year found her an inmate of the family of Mrs. H. M. Brown, resident at the corner of Park street Western avenue, in Longwood. She came from Ireland eight years ago, and had been employed in Mrs. Brown's family about six months. She had previously served in the family of Charles B. Adams, on Boylston street, in this city, and had been in Boston about seven years. Her only relative in the country was a cousin. Mrs. Brown speaks of the deceased as having been an excellent servant and a girl of remarkably cheerful disposition. Her reputation is not questioned. She was steady and industrious in her habits, and had laid up about $300 in the bank, but on the night of the murder had not more than a dollar about her person. Her only failing, if failing she had, was that she liked to be "out o'nights." She was a tolerably good looking girl, but not particularly attractive in her personal appearance, although extremely neat in her dress and ways. She was fond of gay and lively company, and was one of the "up-and-a-coming" sort, always on hand for a good time and innocent fun. Notwithstanding her liking for evening strolls, she was never out very late, and she never returned with male companions. It does not appear that she had a beau even, although there was a young man in Brookline whom it is said she used to laugh about and call her "darling Danny." The fact is of some significance, as appears in the sequel.

Tuesday evening was Catherine's "night out." At seven o'clock her housework was done, and, putting on her things, she went over to one of the neighbor's houses, where she stopped for an hour. Whether or not any one joined her there does not appear, but she next went over to another house on Francis street, which crosses Western avenue at right-angles, and here she met her best friend, Ellen Morris, another servant girl, whose mistress desired her to go to Brookline with an errand. A third girl, employed in a family near by, went with them. When they got into the village they found the store which they wished to visit closed, and they at once started on their return. On their way back they met three young men from Brookline at a little saloon on the left hand side of Western avenue, kept by one Simon Curry, a little drinking shop of bad repute. These young men's names were Pat Mahoney, Daniel Leonard (undoubtedly the one Kate called her "darling Danny") and James Howe. This is the statement of the Morris girl, whose character and appearance is quite as decent and prepossessing as was that of Kate Lehan. She says that they were all acquainted, and sat there for a while. There was no trouble in the party, and when they separated, bade each other a pleasant good night. The girls then returned to her house, and after sitting awhile on the door-step, Ellen went in to bed and Catherine left her, declaring that she was not going home till half-past ten, and saying that she would see Ellen in the morning. Ellen remonstrated with Catherine about staying out late, but without avail. Curry's place has the reputation of being a rum hole of the lowest description. It is situated in what is known as "the marsh," an Irish neighborhood of exceeding bad repute and where nightly occur drunks and rows which are a scandal to their respectable neighbors. Mrs. Curry affirms that the two girls came into her house at about nine, and stopped a few minutes only; that they met no men there whatever, but that there were three men present in the house. She says they did not go off with the girls, who proceeded into the village, and on their return called again. Kate told her that she had an appointment on Francis street that evening. When the girls left they proceeded homeward, and according to Mrs. Curry's statement, neither of them returned to her house. Mrs. Curry says that deceased had been in perhaps on five or six occasions before, on social visits.

Nothing was seen of Kate Lehan by any one who knew her after half past nine o'clock, when she went back down the avenue after bidding Ellen Morris good night. The assault and outrage must have occurred very soon after. Her assailant or assailants must have met her on the avenue at a point twenty rods south of where Francis street crosses the avenue. That the deed was premeditated is amply proved by the appearance of the furnace wrench found near the body. Probably she was at first subjected to merely physical force by her assailants. There was a lively struggle. Her shawl was torn till it was shapeless in its tatters, and large pieces of the fringe were scattered in the dust. She was whirled around and the imprints of feet were trodden deep into the dirt and remained to show how stoutly she resisted. When her assailants found that she could not be subjected to their purposes by main strength, the weapon was used, and one or two terrible blows must have laid her low. Traces of blood prove that she must have been severely wounded there. In the struggle the nail of one of the fingers of her left hand was completely bitten off, and marks of teeth on the finger on which she wore a ring were plainly visible. There is no evidence that she was thrown down in the street, but she must have been carried or pushed along to a point some fifty feet to the southward, the blood streaming from her head into the dust. Then she was pushed or pulled through the fence, and left in a condition altogether too horrible for description. Her clothes were almost torn off from her. There were three distinct blows upon her skull, which caused what are known as "star" fractures—one on the back of the head, one on the forehead, and the third over the left temple. To consummate their horrid work the villains took a large stone weighing at least twenty pounds and crushed in the side of her head. If their object was to murder it was needless, but it was the murderers satisfaction. All the facts would seem to warrant the conclusion that more than one person must have concerned in the affair, for never was murder more horribly, forcefully done.

The iron wrench, with clotted blood and hair still sticking to it, was carried to the police station, and during the day was seen by a large number of persons. It is fifteen inches long, weighs two pounds, and looks as if it might have been carried for a weapon of assault. On the handle, twine was tied in a way to be slipped over the wrist, so that the wrench could be held like a billy. It was wrapped up in paper —an old copy of the Helena, (Arkansas) Clarion—as if for concealment, and the paper was tied up with white twine. None but a murderer would ever harbor such a savage weapon and for any man to be found with it on his person would be enough to warrant suspicion of bloodthirsty crimes.

No reliable clue seems yet to have been found likely to lead to the discovery of the perpetrator of this terrible crime. The young men above mentioned, Mahoney, Leonard and Howe, and another young man named Sylvester Hayes, who had been paying attention to the unfortunate girl, were arrested on suspicion, but upon examination nothing was found to warrant detention, and they have been released from custody. The impression seems to be that the girl must have met some unknown person that night by appointment, the meeting resulting in her violation and death. A reward of three thousand dollars has been offered by the town authorities for information which shall lead to the discovery of the murderer.

☞ A despatch from Lexington, Ky., states that the Mayor of that city and many other officials, have been arrested on an indictment from the Federal Court, charged with felony growing out of the disturbances at the August elections.

☞ Extensive fires prevail in the swamps and woods of Western New York, in Orleans, Niagara, Genessee, Wayne and Seneca counties. Much uneasiness is felt throughout the burning district.

MORMON AFFAIRS. Chief Justice McKeen passed sentence on Saturday last upon Thomas Hawkins, the Mormon elder, recently convicted of polygamy, at Salt Lake City. The sentence was a fine of five hundred dollars and imprisonment at hard labor for three years. Contrary to expectation, although the attendance was large, there was little or no excitement in the Court room when the sentence was pronounced. The prisoner's counsel gave notice of an appeal to the Supreme Court.

On the same day, Daniel H. Wells, Mayor of the city, Hosea Stout, formerly Attorney General of the Teritory, and Wm. Belden, of Kimball's Hotel, and Parley Canon, all prominent Mormons, were arrested by the United States Marshal upon an indictment of the grand jury charging them with murder. The alleged crime consists in the killing of Richard Yates and a man named Buck several years ago. A warrant was out for the arrest of Aaron Hyde, one of the twelve Apostles, upon the same charge, but he eluded the deputies who were sent to arrest him. He was pursued to the southern part of the territory.

Warrants are also out for the arrest of Brigham Young and his son, Joseph A. Young, on the charge of murder in having ordered the killing of Richard Yates.

Indictments on all these murder cases are understood to be founded upon the testimony of Bill Hickman, who was once what is called a Danite or secret agent of the Mormon authorities. Yates visited the Mormon camp during the rebellion, ostensibly to sell powder. The Mormons regarded him as a spy and some weeks afterwards arrested him and placed him in custody of Hickman to be taken to Salt Lake City. D. Wells then commanded the Morman troops and Hosea Stout was Judge Advocate. On the way to Salt Lake City he killed Yates. Hickman says: "My orders were from Brigham Young and Joseph A. Young, and at the instigation of D. Wells and Stout." Hickman also is confined at Camp Douglas. He went with the officers to Echo Canon, and after pointing out where he had buried Yates, assisted them in disinterring his remains.

It is said that Brigham Young has fled from Salt Lake City, and found refuge in the southern portion of the territory, where he will remain until the trouble blows over.

CUBAN AFFAIRS. Notwithstanding the frequent official announcements made by the Spanish authorities of the suppression of the Cuban insurrection, the fighting seems to be still going on. A letter from Santiago de Cuba to the N. Y. Evening *Mail* gives the following information of affairs in that section of the island:

The best strength of the Cuban revolution is now in the Eastern Department. Owing, undoubtedly, to the successful landing of three—some say four—cargoes of arms and ammunition in this part of the island, the Cubans have been enabled to provide the useful for some of their unarmed reserves, and to take also the offensive against the Spaniards, leaving the mountain recesses and woods, where they are obliged to seek shelter when the want of ammunition prevents their more active operations. The hardest fighting and the boldest and most successful *coups de main* of this three years' war are actually being given by the patriots.

At midnight on the 18th ult., the Cuban General Modesto Diaz surprised the town of Jiguani, which he entered, while the Spanish garrison without any show of assistance fled for shelter to a fort in an adjoining hill, which soon after opened its fires on the town, destroying the property of friends and foes. The patriots, whose sole object seems to have been the capture of arms and ammunition, lost no time in taking possession of a considerable quantity of these and other useful articles, evacuating the town soon after with a heavy convoy. Two Spanish battalions started the next day in hot pursuit and overtook the Cubans who prepared to receive them. As usual with the blundering and inefficient Spanish officers they attacked the Cubans in the rear, enabling them to continue the advance of the convoy lightly scorched, while their main body, elated with success and favored by a better position, bravely opposed the Spaniards, who were repulsed with heavy loss.

Rumors are afloat about the proposed change of the residence of the Captain General and Superior Government from Havana to this city, as advised by the Madrid government to get rid of the influence of the Havana volunteers; and the house has actually been selected for the purpose by Valmaseda himself during his last visit here; but for some unaccountable reason, it is said that this removal will not take place for the present at least.

REVOLUTION IN MEXICO. A despatch from Matamoras to the New York *Herald*, gives the following account of another revolt in Mexico,

A pronouciemento was issued at Monterey on the 18th by Trevino in favor of General Diaz declaring Juarez's election fraudulent. All federal officials in Monterey and other cities are under arrest.

Trevino imposed a forced loan of fifty thousand dollars on Monterey. The American Consul, Ulrich, refused to pay fifteen hundred dollars imposed on him, and hoisted his flag but being given ten days to pay it, or be imprisoned, he paid the money. Several Americans refused to join Ulrich in his protest.

Trevino subsequently moved on Saltillo and at last accounts was infesting the place, awaiting artillery. Cespedo who defends Saltillo was fortifying and receiving reinforcements. The government troops had defeated Montinez he being wounded. The revolutionists penetrated to the interior.

Contina has joined Noranjo, a revolutionist infesting Northern Tamaulipas. Lermeno, a revolutionist, after being routed fled to Brownsville, Texas.

Palacio, commanding at Matamoras, adheres to Juarez but the people will pronounce against the government if the revolutionists are at all successful. The telegraph lines in Mexico are all cut.

A letter from the city of Mexico of the 18th inst., gives details of the seizure of the citadel by a regiment of *gens d'arms* and its subsequent recapture by the government forces on the 1st inst. In the contest the government lost 40 killed and 126 wounded. The rebels lost 10 officers and 167 soldiers killed, 70 wounded, and 345 taken prisoners. The revolt was started by Negrete.

Later despatches report the capitulation of Saltillo to Gen. Trevino. Rocha, with 3000 men, is marching from San Luis Potosi to suppress the revolution, General Panen has pronounced against Juarez in Huastaca county, an extensive section on the borders Tamaulipas, San Luis Potosi and Neuva Leon. Cortina is marching to attack Navarjo Neudmier.

YOUTHFUL DEPRAVITY. A sad incident recently occurred at Stubenville County (N. Y.) Infirmary, resulting in a horrible death—the burying of a small lad named Murphy, aged five years—a reel-footed child, who was deserted by the mother to cloak her shame. It appears that two other pauper children named Philip Sheridan and Andy Stuart dug a large hole in the orchard adjoining the infirmary. After effecting this part of the diabolical act, the two little fiends, whose ages were respectively five and ten years, repaired to the infirmary grounds and caught the reel-footed boy, and carried him to his living grave. Shrieking, yet without power of being heard, the little victim was caught by the young executioners and forced into the hole. Holding him down they shoveled in the earth and stones upon his writhing body, stifling his cries as best they could, until the poor, deformed body ceased to struggle, and the spirit took its flight to Him who gave it. The two young murderers went back to the house without informing any one of the deed, and the buried boy's absence was first noticed by Mr. Porter, the Superintendent, about 1 o'clock. Upon making inquiries a little black boy informed him that Andy Stuart and Phil Sheridan had "buried 'Limpy' down in the holler." On going to the spot Mr. Porter found the newly-made grave, and below the surface the lifeless form of "Limpy." The little murderers have been sent to the reformatory.

NORTH CAROLINA OUTLAWS. A Richmond, Va., dispatch to the New York *Herald* contains a letter from the Adjutant General of North Carolina, stating that he recently had a private interview with the leaders of a gang of banditti in Robeson County. They desired a free pardon, to quit the country, and gave many excuses for the murders they have committed. He offered them a fair trial and good counsel to defend them at Court, but they would not surrender. They were in a swamp, and say they will defend themselves to the last. The inhabitants of the whole country are either in league with or fear them. The small force with the Adjutant General did not warrant attacking them at present.

☞ An illustration of the trifling circumstances which sometimes lead to the detection of criminals, is given by a recent arrest made by Capt. Boynton of the Massachusetts State Police, in Topsfield. A few nights ago the store of Mr. Frederick Stiles, dealer in leather, was entered in the night, and about $800 worth of goods stolen. Near the window where the thief entered were found prints of a boot, in which were peculiar shaped nails in the toe and heel. Previous to this Boynton had met a man named Cormente in a store, sitting with his feet resting on a barrel, so that he noticed some peculsar nails in his boots, enough to attract his attention. When the robbery and footprints were discovered he immediately made up his mind that Cormente was the thief, and arrested him. He was taken to the store and his boot taken off and found to fit the prints near the window exactly. He finally confessed all, and told where the goods were hidden.

Special Notices.

Be Guided by what you Know.

There is an old proverb which says, "Experience is the safest guide." To this guide the sick and ailing naturally turn when casting about for the means of relief. They inquire what a medicine has done for others, before they adopt it themselves. Of all the remedies and preventives in use, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters meets the test most triumphantly, and hence its immense popularity and vast sales. The sufferer from indigestion is sure to find some one among his friends who has been cured of that ailment, by the famous vegetable stomachic. The victim of fever and ague, liver complaint, constipation, nervous prostration, or general debility, has only to make inquiry in the neighborhood where he resides in order to discover what this standard restorative has effected in cases similar to his own. In the published testimony to its merits he will find a volume of proofs of its sanitary properties, which it is impossible for his common sense to resist. He tries it, and the effect it produces on his system adds another to the host of witnesses in its favor. Thus, its reputation, founded on facts, not assertions, continually grows and spreads. Charlatans and impostors, some of them mere local tricksters, and others who take a somewhat wider range, attempt to thrust into the hands and down the throats of invalids, their haphazard concoctions, as substitutes for the tonic which for so many years has been a medicinal staple throughout the United States, Spanish America, Canada, and the West Indies, but only succeed to a very limited extent. In this reasoning age, the people, having ascertained the reality and deserving of their confidence, decline "running after strange gods."

You are Troubled with a Bad Breath.

It annoys your friends as well as yourself. You would like to get rid of it, but scarcely know what means to adopt. We will tell you. Use the fragrant *Sozodont*, it will cleanse and beautify your teeth, and leave your breath pure.

YOU NEED NOT SUFFER.—Every pain, whether of the Lungs, Chest or Kidneys, can be removed by the use of *White Pine Compound*. Sold by all Druggists.

Married.

In this city, 25th ult., by Rev. Dr. Ricker, J. W. Jones to Marcia M. Craig, both of this city; 26th ult., at St. Mark's Church, by Rev. Mr. Upjohn, J. Abbott Kaler of Augusta, to Celia A. Hall of Boston.

In Vassalboro', 25th ult., by Rev. H. F. Wood, Albert H. Matthew of Fitchburg, Mass., to M. Lizzie Marden of Vassalboro'.

In Dresden, 24th ult., by Rev. D. M. True, Kervi R. Lawrence of Arrowsic, to Mary E. R. Foster of Georgetown.

In Fayette, 21st ult., by Rev. S. D. Richardson, Hiram D. Jewett to Etta M. Benner, both of Monmouth; 25th ult., by same, George B. Sanborn of Vienna, to Lydia C. Basford of Fayette.

In Albion, 25th ult., by Rev. C. J. Hancock, Cyrus A. Leavitt of Turner, to Fannie W. Hussey of Albion.

In Leeds, 28th ult., by Rev. Walter Foss, Chas. L. Thomas of Greene, to Mary Deane of Leeds.

Died.

In this city, 31st ult., Mrs. Orpha Sears, aged 61 years; 28th ult., Mrs. Wm. Brooks, Esq., aged 71 yrs., and Eliza Gale, aged 18 years.

In Waterville, 13th ult., Mrs. Olive H. Melcher, aged 92 years.

In Fairfield, Bethuel Gifford, aged 59 years.

In Benton, 25th ult., Beriah Brown, aged 83 years.

In Bath, 21st ult., Mrs. Margaret J. Wolf, aged 34 years 8 months.

In Livermore, 15th ult., Nicholas Sweetzer, aged 78 years.

In East Auburn, 23d ult., Marcus Seabury, aged 62 years.

The Cause and Cure of Consumption

THE primary cause of Consumption is derangement of the digestive organs. This derangement produces deficient nutrition and assimilation. By assimilation I mean that process by which the nutriment of the food is converted into blood, and thence into the solids of the body. Persons with digestion thus impaired, having the slightest predisposition to pulmonary disease, or if they take cold, will be very liable to have Consumption of the Lungs in some of its forms; and I hold that it will be impossible to cure any case of Consumption without first restoring a good digestion and healthy assimilation. The very first thing to be done is to cleanse the stomach and bowels from all impurities, and since which is the clogging these organs so that they cannot perform their functions, and then rouse up and restore the liver to a healthy action. For this purpose, the surest and best remedy is Schenck's Mandrake Pills. These Pills cleanse the stomach and bowels of all the dead matter and foul humors, rouse the liver from torpidity and decay in the whole system. They will clear out the liver of all diseased bile that has accumulated there, and arouse it up to a new and healthy action, by which natural and healthy bile is secreted.

The stomach, bowels and liver are thus cleansed by the use of Schenck's Mandrake Pills; but there remains in the stomach an excess of acid, the organ is torpid, and the appetite is poor. In the bowels, the lacteals are weak, and requiring strength and support. It is in a condition like that Schenck's Seaweed Tonic proves to be the most valuable remedy ever discovered. It is alkaline, and its use will neutralize all excess of acid, making the stomach sweet and fresh; it will give permanent tone to this important organ, and create a good, hearty appetite. and prepare the organ for the first process of all good digestion, and ultimately make good, healthy, living blood. After this preparatory treatment, what remains to cure most cases of consumption is the free and perseverance use of Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup. The Pulmonic Syrup nourishes the system, purifies the blood, and is readily absorbed into the circulation, and thence distributed to the diseased lungs. There it ripens all morbid matters, whether in the form of abscesses or tubercles, and then assists Nature to expel all this corrupt matter in the form of free expectoration, when once it ripens. It is then, by the great healing and purifying properties of Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup, that all ulcers and cavities are healed up sound, and my patient is cured.

The essential thing to be done in curing Consumption is to get up a good appetite and good digestion, so that the body will grow in flesh and get strong. If a person has diseased lungs, a cavity or abscess there, the cavity cannot heal, the matter cannot ripen, so long as the system is weak and poor. What is necessary to cure is a new order of things, a good appetite, a good nutrition, the body to grow in flesh and get fat, that Nature's healing hand, with no interference, the matter will ripen and be thrown off in large quantities, and the person regain health and strength. This is the true and only plan to cure Consumption, and if a person is very bad, if the lungs are not entirely destroyed, or even if one lung is entirely gone, if there is enough vitality left in the other to heal up, there is hope.

I have seen many persons cured with only one sound lung, live and enjoy life to a good old age. This is what Schenck's medicines will do to cure Consumption. They will clean out the stomach, sweeten and strengthen it, get up a good digestion, and give Nature the assistance she needs to clear the system of all the disease that is in the lungs, whatever the form may be.

It is important that, while using Schenck's medicines, care should be exercised not to take cold; keep the doors in cool and damp weather; avoid night air, and take out-door exercise only in a genial and warm sunshine.

I wish it distinctly understood that when I recommend a patient to be careful in regard to taking cold while using my medicines, I do so for a special reason. A man who has but partially recovered from the effects of a bad cold is far more liable to a relapse than one who has been entirely cured, and is precisely the same in regard to consumption. So long as the lungs are not perfectly healed, just so long is there imminent danger of a full return of the disease. Hence it is that I so strongly caution pulmonary patients against exposing themselves to an atmosphere that is not genial and pleasant. Confirmed consumptives' lungs are a mass of sores, which the least change of atmosphere will inflame. The grand secret of my success with my medicines consists in my ability to subdue inflammation instead of provoking it, as many of the faculty do. An inflamed lung cannot with safety to the patient be exposed to the biting blasts of winter or the chilling winds of spring or autumn. It should be carefully shielded from all irritating influences. The utmost caution should be observed in this particular, as without it a cure under almost any circumstances is an impossibility.

The person should be kept on a wholesome and nutritious diet, and all the medicines continued until the body has restored to it the natural quantity of flesh and strength.

I was myself cured by this treatment of the worst kind of Consumption, and have lived to get fat and hearty these many years, with one lung mostly gone. I have cured thousands since, and very many have been cured by this treatment whom I have never seen.

About the first of October I expect to take possession of my new building at the north-east corner of Sixth and Arch streets, where I shall be pleased to give advice to all who may require it.

Full directions accompany all my remedies, so that a person in any part of the world can be readily cured by a strict observance of the same.

J. H. SCHENCK, M. D.
Philadelphia.

GEO. C. GOODWIN & CO., Agents,
BOSTON.

National Chorus Book!

JUST PUBLISHED.

Contains a fine selection of **Oratorio and Operatic Choruses,** and a choice collection of new **Glees, Quartetts, &c.**

It is similar, in general design, to the well known **Chorus Wreath.** Commended to Musical Societies, Conventions and Choirs.

PRICE $1.50.

Sent, post-paid on receipt of retail price.

OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.
C. H. DITSON & CO., New York. 48

PATENTS Solicited by MUNN & CO., Publishers of Scientific American, 37 Park Row, New York.
Twenty-five years' Experience.
Pamphlets containing Patent Laws with full directions how to obtain Patents free.
A bound volume of 119 pages, containing the New Census by counties and large cities, 140 Engravings of Mechanical movements, Patent Laws and rules for obtaining Patents, mailed on receipt of 25 cents. 8w48

New England Telegraph Academy,
161 Tremont St., Boston, for young Men and Ladies. No class system. For terms &c., send for circulars. 4t48

WANTED. AGENTS to sell the Pet Sewing Machine. Price, $5. Call, or send two stamps for samples of work. Address, Pet Sewing Machine CO., No 7 Tremont Row, Boston. 4t48

20,000 Agents wanted to Canvass for
The Most Interesting Relic and Curiosity in the Christian World ever Discovered.
THIS DAY IS PUBLISHED,
PRICE, $3.00.
A finely-executed Engraving,
THE ONLY TRUE LIKENESS
OF
OUR SAVIOUR,
TAKEN
From one cut in Emerald by command of Tiberius Cæsar and which was given from the Treasury of Constantinople, by the Emperor of the Turks, to Pope Innocent VIII, for the Redemption of his Brother, then a Captive to the Christians.

The following Extract, in proof of the Authenticity of the above Portrait, is translated from the Latin contemporary Historians of the period.

"News to the Senate of Rome concerning JESUS CHRIST in the days of Tiberius Cæsar the Emperour, as the govenours of sundry provinces under the Senate and people of Rome used to advertise the Senate of such news as chanced in diverse countries.

"Publius Lentulus, being at that time president in Judea, wrote an epistle to the Senate and people of Rome, the words whereof were these:—

"There appeared in these our days a man of great virtue, named JESUS CHRIST, who is yet living amongst us, and of the Gentiles is accepted for a Prophet of Truth, but his own disciples called him the Son of God. He raiseth the dead and cureth all manner of diseases. A man of stature somewhat tall and comely, with a very reverend countenance, such as the beholders may both love and fear; his hair of the color of philbert full ripe, and plain almost down to his ears; but from the ears downward somewhat curled, and more orient of colour, waving on his shoulders. In the midst of his head goeth a seam, or partition of his hair, after the manner of the Nazarites; his forehead, very plain and smooth; his face, without spot or wrinkle, beautified with a comely red: his nose and mouth so formed as nothing can be reprehended; his beard somewhat thick, agreeable in colour to the hair of his head, not of any great length, in the midst of an innocent and mature look; his eyes grey, clear and quick. In reproving, he is terrible: in admonishing, courteous and fair-spoken: pleasant in speech, mixed with gravity. It cannot be remembered that any have seen him laugh, but many have seen him weep. In proportion of body, well-shaped and straight; his hands and arms right, and delectable to behold; in speaking, very temperate, modest and wise. A man for singular beauty surpassing the children of men."

Agents are making from $5 to $50 per day. Send $3 for an agent's outfit. Address,
C. B. THOMPSON,
Bridgewater, Conn.
6m48

New Field for Agents!
COBBIN'S ILLUSTRATED NEW TESTAMENT WITH NOTES.

CONTAINING a biography of the writers as well as of the prominent men and women of the New Testament. An analysis of the Gospels, showing their mutual relations. A history of the English translation of the Bible. A complete harmony of the Gospels and life of Christ. Tables of Miracles, Parables, and discourses of Jesus, &c.

Illustrated with over 100 Engravings, including Twelve Pictorial Parables.

This is the only work of the kind now before the American public, leaving the field entirely clear for Agents. *Specimen of Steel Engraving* (size 22 by 28) *presented to every subscriber without cost to the Agent.*

AGENTS, Male and Female, Wanted in every part of the State. For circulars and territory, Address the General Agent for Maine,
FRED A. WALDRON, Waterville, Me.
4w48

Winter Millinery!
MISSES SAGER & WHITE

ARE now ready to show all who may favor them with a call, their new assortments of
Hats, Bonnets, Ribbons, Flowers, &c.,
WHICH THEY OFFER AT LOW PRICES.
Corner Bridge and Water Streets, AUGUSTA
Over Hamlin & Philbrook's Store. 6w48

Groceries,
—AT—
No. 3 Granite Hall Block,
South Side Market Square, Augusta, Me.

WHERE may be found a good assortment of fresh Groceries, consisting in part of Teas, Coffees, Sugars and pure Spices, Flour, Corn Meal, and all kinds of goods usually kept in a first class Grocery Store. Country Produce bought and sold at as satisfactory prices as can be obtained elsewhere. Give me a call. H. A. HALL.
3m48

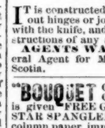
To the Teachers of Vassalboro'.

There will be a public examination of those designing to teach in town, on SATURDAY, November 4th, in the School House at Mitchell's Corner. Those will also be a Normal class formed for the benefit of the teachers of this and neighboring towns. All are cordially invited to attend. It will be organized Saturday, Nov. 7th. J. H. JACKSON, Supervisor.
Vassalboro', Nov. 1, 1871. 1w48

Meadow King Mower.

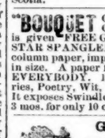
IT is constructed all of Iron and Steel. It is without hinges or joints. The pitman always in line with the knife, and it is entirely protected against obstructions of any size.

AGENTS WANTED—FRED ATWOOD General Agent for Maine, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. 48tf



BOUQUET OF MOSS ROSES." A superb new Chromo, made by L. Prang & Co., is given FREE to every subscriber to the STAR SPANGLED BANNER for 1872. A large 40 column paper, improved and enlarged, equal to *Ledger* in size. A paper for every family fireside, and for EVERYBODY. 10 years established. Charming Stories, Poetry, Wit, Humor, and valuable information. It exposes Swindles as 1 Humbugs. Only 75 cts a year, 3 mos. for only 10 cts. Address Banner, Hinsdale, N H
4w48

Pure Bred Herefords for Sale.



I have three fine BULL CALVES for sale at low rates, from four to ten months old. They were sired by "Compton 1 add," and out of my prize cows, "Verbena 2d," "Verbena 4th," and "Hebe 4th," by "Compton 1st." Prices from $150 to $250.

I would also sell a cow, and one or two heifers. Any one wishing to obtain a first class animal will do well to apply immediately.

H. C. BURLEIGH.
Fairfield, Me., Oct. 23d, 1871. 3w48

Berkshire Boar for Sale.

Four months old the 14th of November, got by "Prince Albert," the Boar that was sold by M. H. Cochrane, Canada, for $500 in gold; out of a choice Sow, same importer.

See ME. FARMER of Oct. 28th for description and style. Just the animal to cross with "slab sided," coarse breeds of hogs, to get an improvement in compactness of form, with fineness of bone and early maturity. Address, ROBERT HUSTON, Falmouth, (Forceside) Me, or P. O. Box 3105 Portland, Me.
4w48

Notice to Teachers.

THE Superintending School Committee of Augusta will be in session at the COUNCIL CHAMBER, GRANITE BUILDING, Wednesday, November 8th, at two o'clock P. M., and on each succeeding Wednesday for three weeks, for the purpose of examining teachers for the Winter Schools.

C. F. PENNEY,
DAVID P. CARGILL,
GEO.

Poetry.

THE WIFE THAT HE BROUGHT FROM TOWN.

BY JOHN H. YATES.

"A very fine day for the auction, sir! There is quite a crowd out, too;
Guess things will sell for a good round price, as the most of 'em are new;
I don't mind seein' a few old traps sold off, at the hammer's blow,
But 'twill kinder mave my heart ache, sir, to see the old farm go.

"You look like a stranger in these parts! Have you come up here to buy?
A Yankee must ask questions, sir, if he don't he'll surely die;
Would you like to know the reason why this fine farm must be sold?
Well sit down here and I'll tell again the tale I've so often told.

"You see I have known Charley Jones for years; in fact ever since he was born,
When a little shaver he used to come to help in my field of corn;
I took to likin' the young chap, then, as he sat a huskin' the ears,
And the friendship formed in the old corn-field grew stronger with the passin' years.

"'Twasn't drinkin' and gamin', nor any such thing, that brought Charley down to this;
He slakes his thirst at the old farm spring, and the wild flowers stoop to kiss;
And the only ga. in' that Charley does—or has, from his childhood done—
Is a huntin' the squirrels, down in the woods, with his faithful dog and gun.

"His good old mother—now dead and g ne—brought him up in the way he should go;
She pictured out, as a mother can, the broad road that leads to woe:
Charley often says, as he struggles hard, 'neath the heavy load of his cares,
That his hands would drop, and his heart give up, but for thoughts of his mother's prayers.

"The truth is, stranger—and those who know have a long time marked it down—
The loss of the farm is the fault of the wife he had brought up here from town;
Her studied ways, and her winnin' smiles, flung to trouble his heart a charm;
He married her for her pretty face, and she marries him for the farm.

"Charley saw his mistake in a very short time; she couldn't make a loaf of bread,
And she didn't want to use her lilly-white hands to shake up a farmer's bed;
She was crazy to read all the love-sick trash that she bought at the stores for a dime,
And if Charley had a button that he wanted sewed on, she couldn't find a need'e nor time.

"She soon grew tired of a farmer's life; the smiles were put off for a frown;
She sighed for the ball and the concert room: for the bustle and show of the town;
Charley still toiled her with patient love; he humored her every whim,
Though something kept whisperin' in his ear that she loved pleasure more than him.

"Thus things went on for a year or two; each month To supply her real and imagined wants drew heavy on Charley's purse:
At last, when he came from his work one night long after the sun was down,
She declared, with a stamp of her pretty foot, he must buy her a house in town.

"So a house he bought on a pleasant street, and fitted it up to a charm;
But to pay for this village paradise he must mortgage his dear old farm.
How strange, you know that the folks in town are all nearly taxed to death;
They are taxed for the street, for the light for their feet, they are almost taxed for their breath.

"Charley found this out in a very short time; his heart was soon filled with alarm;
For with ta.es and interest and keepin' up style, he saw he must lose his farm.
When he talked about sellin' the house in town his wife firmly answered, 'No!'
The mortgage is due; his money is gone; and new the old farm must go.

"The women are lecturin' about their rights; they are raising a hullabaloo!
This w.man of Charlie's got her's, I think, and most of her husband's too;
Charley knows two things that he didn' know once; that a woman's will is strong,
And that runnin' in debt to keep up style is a poor way to get along.

"So, you see, 'twasn't drinkin' nor any sich thing that brought Charley down to this;
He will miss his drink from the old farm spring that the wild flowers stooped to kiss!
I hate to see him walkin' around the farm with his head cast down;
And I hate, worse than pizon, that wife of his that he brought up here from town."

—*Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.*

Our Story Teller.

Miss Thorne's Fortune Told.

Cissy Thorne was sitting at her toilet-table, skipping a novel while her maid Emma brushed her long, thick, silky hair. Some people said it was false, because there was so much of it; other Christians were certain it must be dyed, seeing that it had that particular bright, golden tint which is so often due to art; but Emma knew better. That exemplary girl took the same sort of pride in her mistress's hair that a good groom does in the coats of his master's horses, and was never tired of currying—I mean brushing it. Fortunately, the young lady took an equal pleasure in her passive part of the performance, and so both were satisfied.

When the spoiled beauty did not know what else to do, she went up to her room, took off her dress, and had her hair brushed; it was a ladylike substitute for a smoking pipe. I wonder that Darwin has not instanced the pleasure we feel in being stroked the right way, in favor of his theory. I believe that Cissy was very often near purring, especially in thundery weather, when her hair crackled like an experiment.

"Well, Emma, did you go to the fair?" asked the brushee, laying down her book.

"Yes, miss, I did."

"And what did you see?"

"I saw a horsemanship, where they rode standing, and jumped through hoops; wonderful!"

"And did you go on one of the roundabouts that are worked by a steam-engine, which plays an organ?"

"No miss!" replied Emma, with an emphasis.

"Do you know, Emma, I should like to, if no one saw."

"Lor, miss! they are crowded with such a low lot, they are."

"Low lots! as you call them, seem to have all the fun," said Cissy, with a half-sigh. "And what else did you see?"

I went to a—fortune-teller."

"No! In a tent?"

"There were little tents about, but it was a little yellow cart I went into; not in the fair exactly, but in the camp, before you come to it. She's wonderful!"

"Is she, though! What did she say? Tell me," cried the excited Cissy, who was troubled with yearnings after the supernatural.

"She told me all sorts of things which she could not have known natural: a male on my back; how long I have been in service——"

"Yes, yes, but the future; did she say anything about that?"

"She did more, she showed it to me."

"No!"

"In a round glass; as true as I'm standing here, I saw him plain."

"Your future husband?"

As is to be; yes, miss."

The two girls had been playmates when very little, and there was much more familiarity between them than is customary with mistress and maid. So Emma had to enter into all the mysterious details of the cabalistic ceremony.

"What fun!" cried Cissy. "I should so like to go; I *will* go! The fortune-teller's caravan is not actually in the fair, you say; and that there will not be many people about if we start early."

"Lor, miss! what will your pa and ma say?"

"I don't know; I'll do it first and ask them afterwards, for fear they might object. We will go to-morrow morning, directly after breakfast mind."

Mr. Thorne was a steward; I do not mean an official attached to a steam-packet, in charge of a china shop full of white basins, but a manager of large estates in the country; a well-to-man, who had a small property of his own, which he farmed in the most intelligent and neatest style, on the outskirts of the market-town of Mittelun. Mrs. horne was plump, good-natured, and lazy, yet somewhat proud and sensitive; she fancied the county families were patronizing, and she would not be patronized.

Cissy was their only child, and they thought much of her, honestly believing that there never was such another baby—child—maiden. Of course the paragon was never sent to school, and her governesses selected principally with reference to their power of appreciating her merits.

Nevertheless she was very charming, and had two lovers—I do not mean mere admirers, but two men who were ready to marry her, if she would but choose one of them. But she could not quite make up her mind whic of the brace to select.

"It this gipsy would only show me which I am to take, it would save me a world of trouble," she said to herself, with a smile; "but of course that is all nonsense. Yet if she did, I vow that I would be guided by it."

One aspirant was Pendil Frogmore; a landed proprietor in the neighborhood, very poor; for though his rent-roll was a fair one, his debts were enormous; but very handsome, and well set up. Indeed, he had been in the Blues: I don't mean in bad spirits, but a man in armor, commanding men in armor, and his wife would be undoubtedly *county*.

Charles Wilson was the name of the other; he was a young London solicitor, who had just been taken into a good firm, and was now on a visit to his mother, an Indian colonel's widow who resided at Mittelun. Mrs. Wilson and Mrs. Thorne were good friends, so all was smooth there. Mrs. Wilson had murmured, indeed, when she first saw her son's inclination—

"Would she be a fit companion for you, Charles? would she be able to take an interest in the same things you did!"

"No, mother; and that is just what I want. I should hate a wife who was as clever as myself. But how can you fail to see her merits? She is such a very nice little party!"

"Partie, Charley, partie; how dreadfully bad your French accent is! I grant that she would not be a bad match for you from a worldly point of view."

Frogmore was the more handsome, Wilson the more pleasant. Really, if fate would settle the matter for her, it would save Cissy Thorne a world of trouble.

So the pretty bone of contention thought, as she started with her maid Emma, for Mittelun Hurst at nine A. M.; for Mr. Thorne breakfasted early, and his daughter presided, Mrs. Thorne being a sluggard. Not a drum was heard, not a pandean note, as they stepped briskly along; the gingerbread husbands were covered up from the dust; the merry-go-rounds were still; the clown was darning his dress; the donkeys breakfasted frugally on each other's manes; the fire-eater was trying a diet of bacon, bread, and garlic, for a change.—Business never commenced in the fair before the afternoon. But Miss Thorne's visit was not to the fair; to the right, some five hundred yards from the the common, there was a clump of sparse trees, and sheltered beneath them stood one of those yellow huts on wheels which act so vividly upon the imagination of village children. This was the abode of the sibyl, and the adventuresses turned aside towards it.

Emma went first up the steps, and tapped with the light brass knocker; the door opened immediately, and a woman of the mystic race appeared—young, handsome as a Spaniard, though her splendid black hair was rather coarse, if you came to examine it too closely. Emma drew back, to let her mistress enter first.

"Walk in, my pretty lady," said the gipsy; "don't be afraid; I am quite alone here."

Although the fun of the fair did not commence till late in the day, it was evident that custom came betimes to the sibyl, for all traces of night disorder had disappeared from the miniature interior, which was spick and span, neat and clean; obviously prepared for visitors. The small apartment was still farther reduced by a curtain, which ran on brass rings along a rod, enclosing a portion of the space.

The gipsy examined Cissy's hand, and began making shots—centres though, most; bull's-eyes, some.

"You are an only child, and your father and mother would give you gold to eat, if you wanted it; you had a bad illness four or five years ago; when a child you were in great peril from a dog." A lot more to the same effect, couched in vague language, but very correct, Cissy began to be sorry that she had come.—"There's two gentlemen as is very sweet upon you, my pretty lady," continued the unpoetic sibyl; "if you marry one you will be unhappy all your life, but if you take the other you will be lucky, and live to be eighty, and ride in your carriage and pair all the time."

The idea of this very protracted drive rather aused Cissy, and that revived her courage. After all, the woman might have made inquiries about her on the chance of her coming.

"And how am I to know which of these gentlemen to choose?" she asked in a bantering tone.

"Ah, that I cannot tell, my lady; but you can look in the Magic Glass for yourself, and see if it shows you right."

"Let me see it then," said Cissy, bravely, though the feeling of uneasiness began to return.

The gipsy said that Emma should leave the caravan; but Cissy would not have that, so a compromise was effected; the maid was blindfolded. The gipsy drew slides across the little windows on either side, producing deep twilight. Then the curtain at the farther end slowly parted, revealing a wall of black cloth, tightly streched, in the centre of which was fixed a circular mirror, about two feet in diameter, and this gradually became luminous.—Cissy's nervousness returned with an increased force, and she grasped the hand of her blindfolded maid.

A table separated the girls from the mirror; and whether it was owing to the magic quality of the glass, or the angle at which it was placed it did not reflect the figures standing opposite it. Indeed it was more like ground-glass than an ordinary mirror; ground-glass with a feeble light behind it. Presently the surface became covered with ill-defined shadows, which gathered so as to obscure the whole of it; and then it gradually cleared, and a head and shoulders grew upon it; it cleared a little more and revealed—the undoubted face of Charles Wilson. Cissy stood aghast in awe-struck terrow before this supernatural intimation; when suddenly as she gazed, this face before her became convulsed with an expression of terrible agony. She uttered a little scream, and fainted.

Fresh air and cold water soon brought her to; she fee'd the gipsy, and started homewards.

"You see'd him, miss?" inquired Emma.

"Yes; and I'll never marry any one else, if I die an old maid. But, oh, what can that dreadful expression on his face foretell? I fear that some awful calamity will happen some day."

A not improbable dread. There was one consolation; fate and Cissy's secret wishes had hit it off nicely. Girls are queer things, and she had hardly known she preferred Charley Wilson as much as she did.

The invitation he offered, and was accepted; and they were married, and went for their honeymoon to the Lake of Como.

One evening Charles Wilson rowed his bride out in a clumsy tub.

"How serious you are, Cissus," he said, finding her less chatty than usual. "Did that bravo-looking beggar frighten you? Because his frowzy head shall be punched if he did!"

"Oh, no: oh, don't offend him!" cried the young wife. "I am sure he has got what the Italians call an Evil Eye!"

"Has he? Well, never mind; the Americans have invented a potion which counteracts the effect."

"Really?"

"Yes when we return, I will get that gentleman from New York stopping at the hotel to concoct us an Eye-opener; that will make it all right."

"Oh, do!" cried Mrs. Wilson; and her husband paddled on.

"I say, Cissums," he said presently, resting on his oars, "don't think that I am finding fault, because you have not got any faults, so that would be absurd; but are you not rather superstitious?"

"And if I am, I have a right to be," said she.

"Ah! any particlar experience?" And he wormed out of her the whole story.

"I am sorry I told you," she cried, when he burst out laughing; "you don't believe it! You had better call me a story-teller at once."

"Believe it my dear! I am ready to swear to it. You did not see my gh st, though; you were looking at *me*. I was in a dreadfully confined position, and that rogue of a gipsy was so long about her preliminaries, that I got a horrible cramp in my right calf, and made a face which I thought would betray me."

The bride burst out crying.

"And you bribed my maid; and laid a plot with a common gipsy to deceive me; and nearly frightened me to death; and were laughing at me all the time—oh," she sobbed.

"All's f.ir in love," said Wilson, sheepishly.

"It was unworthy of you?" she continued; you have married me on false pretences. I shall never feel the same towards you; I will never forgive you, never,"

But she did.

"I Cannot Afford it."

Mr. St. John entered the fashionable dry goods store of "Lovering & Brothers," to see one of the proprietors.

He had stepped out for a moment, one of the clerks informed him.

And withdrawing to an obscure corner, he stood watching with a half-amused, half-comical look upon his handsome face, the streams of gaily attired women that floated past him, gazing with envious and admiring eyes upon the rich fabrics of every hue and texture, that were suspended from the ceilings and spread out upon the broad counters.

Many of them were known to him, but he was in no mood to meet the sparkling glances and gay sallies that he knew would be showered upon him if he made them aware of his presence; for Mr. St. John was rich, and a bachelor, and had been flattered and besieged by ambitious mammas with marriageable daughters, as to make him almost resolve to always remain one.

So he stood back in the shadow, marking with curious eye unconscious betrayals of the natural dispositions, like glimpses of feminine human nature, and which the dear creatures would not have had him observe for the world.

As he stood there, the two Misses Parker came in, charming and brilliant girls, in whose society he had passed many a pleast hour.

They were lavish in their purchases, and as Mr. St. John contrasted their smiling countenances with the careworn face of their father, whom he met in the street scarcely an hour before, hurrying from one friend to another to borrow money to pay a note on the point of being protested, their lively chatter jarred harshly on his ears.

"Isn't it lovely!" exclaimed one of the sisters, holding up some costly trimmings. "I suppose pa will scold when he sees the bill; but so he would if it were only half as large."

"To be sure he would," responded the other. "And I'm not going to let the Dayton girls outshine me, you may be certain. It is my belief they gave the party simply on account of St. John's return from Europe. I suppose they are trying to catch him for Georgiana. Did you ever hear anything so ridiculous?"

"Never! Such horrid taste as the girl has in dress, too! She showed me the new silk she is going to wear. Would you believe it? It is blue! And she as dark as an Indian."

"That is for the benefit of Mr. St. John; it is his favorite color. I met him on the street yesterday. How tall and handsome he has grown!"

"Yes, and he is so rich! Pa says he is worth half a million, if not more."

Here the two girls passed along out of sight and hearing, quite unconscious of the proximity of the subject of their remarks.

"Good heavens!" was Mr. St. John's inward reflection; "are all women so heartless, so wrapped up in vanity and display?"

He was about to leave the store in disgust, when his attention was arrested by a low gentle voice, which raised a host of vague but pleasant recollections. He turned eagerly in the direction whence it proceeded; and his eyes rested upon a slender, neatly attired lady, they lighted up with pleasure.

A woman would have noticed that the bonnet, though neat and fresh, was not of the latest style, and the mantle of last season's fashions; but men rarely observe such things. All that St. John saw was the graceful form and fair and gentle face of the wearer.

"Sweet Rose Lennox!" he thought, "she looks as lovely and fragrant as her name! Can her fresh and guileless nature be so perverted as to care for nothing but outward show?"

In the meantime Rosa made a few simple purchases, quite unconscious of the eyes that were following her every motion.

"Is that all, Miss Lennox?" said the clerk.

"All, to-day."

"If you are thinking of getting a dress, I will show you something that will suit you."

"As I cannot purchase, I will not trouble you," was the low and quiet reply.

"No trouble at all, Miss," said the clerk, unrolling the goods, and spreading it out on the counter.

It was a heavy, lustrous silk—brown with a glint of gold in it, not unlike the color of the soft hair that shaded her forehead.

It caught the eye of the Parker girls, who were passing, and they gathered eagerly around it.

"It's just the sweetest thing I ever saw," said the oldest, enthusiastically.

"Why don't you get it, Rose? You have nothing for the party next Thursday, and it's just what you want."

"Only four dollars a yard," suggested the clerk, gathering up the heavy folds, so as to display its lustre and beauty.

There was not the slightest touch of envy or regret in the soft blue eyes that rested admiringly upon it.

"It is very pretty and quite reasonable, but I CANNOT AFFORD IT."

These words spoken so quietly, and with such an unconsciousness that she was admitting anything painful or humiliating, and with the wonder it aroused in the hearts of her companions was mingled an involuntary respect, though it was conduct they could not have imitated, and but vaguely comprehended.

St. John made inquiries in regard to Mr. Lennox the next day, and learned that he had sustained some heavy losses, but was still supposed to be doing a great business.

Presuming on former acquaintance, he resolved to call at his house.

Despite the adulation he had received and his really personal advantages, St. John was no coxcomb, and well knew that with a girl like Rose Lennox, he must stand on his own individual merits. So, not venturing to call for her, who was uppermost in his thoughts, he was shown into the family sitting room, where Mr. and Mrs. Lennox sat with their oldest children.

Rose was among them, and the blush that mounted to her cheek, the bright smile that she gave him, as their eyes met, spoke a warmer welcome than even a father's extended hand and cordial greeting.

But having testified by her looks rather than words, her pleasure at seeing him, Rose left the entertainment to her parents, and disappointed as St. John was, he could not but admire her utter unconsciousness that his visit was intended for her, and absence of all desire to attract his notice. As he talked with her father, his eyes wandered to the place where she sat sewing; noting every expression of the pure, young face, even to the quivers of the golden-brown lashes that shaded the rose-tinted cheeks, especially the sweet, womanly charm of her low, quiet tones, and gentle movements.

The richest party robe never looked half so lovely as that simple home-dress of brown merino, worn with no ornament save a dainty ruffle at the wrist and throat.

"You will be at Mrs. Dayton's to-morrow evening?" he contrived to say as he took his leave.

"No, I am not going?"

A shade of disappointment crossed St. John's face, almost immediately followed by a gleam of satisfaction as a happy thought struck him.

The next evening Rose was sitting in the parlor, quite by herself.

Her mother was up stairs with the younger children, and her father preparing to go out. Mr. Lennox looked in upon her a moment as he passed through the hall.

"Do you regret your decision in regard to the party, my daughter?"

"No indeed," returned Rose, smiling brightly into the care-worn face.

Mr. Lennox laid his hand lovingly upon her head. "My blessing! if I pass successfully through this crisis it will be owing to the strength you have given me."

"Are things looking any brighter, papa?"

"A great deal brighter, my child. You know I told you that I could retrieve my losses if I had time. Mr. Hart, my principal creditor, has offered to give me six months. It was owning to something Mr. St. John said to him. He is a noble hearted young man. God bless him."

The heart of Rose echoed this wish, as her father hurried away. For the first time regrets mingled with her thoughts, as she reverted to the gay gathering, from which she was debarred.

"I suppose he will be there," she murmured. "A gentleman to see Miss Rose," said Katy, opening the door.

Rose lifted her eyes and the object of her thoughts stood before her.

"Not sorry to see me, I hope?" said St. John, taking her unresisting hand in his.

"Sorry?" Rose turned her eyes around that he might not see how softly radiant they were.

"Oh, no," she faltered; I—I was only surprised, I thought you would be sure to be at Mrs. Dayton's this evening."

"Shall I tell you why I did not go?" inquired Mr. St. John, as he took a seat by her side. The cheek of Rose grew as red beneath that earnest gaze as the flower for which she was named.

"I was just thinking about you, and wishing that I could thank you for the kindly office you performed for my dear father."

"I am going to ask him to perform for me a far more kindly one; to give to my keeping the brightest and sweetest rose that ever bloomed. When he asks me what your wish is, on Rose—if I could only say my Rose—what shall I tell him?"

What Rose told could be easily inferred by one who looked in upon the two a few minutes later, and saw how quietly the head of Rose reposed upon St. John's shoulder, as though it was the most natural resting place it could find.

Rose was as modest as lovely.

"I don't see how you came to choose me Paul, when surrounded by so many brilliant women."

"Who would so gladly do their best to dissipate my fine fortune," returned St. John, laughing.

He then told Rose of the little scene he had witnessed in the store of "Lovering & Brothers," and he had resolved then and there, to do his best to win her, who when tempted to expenditures beyond her means, had the strength of mind to say: "I CANNOT AFFORD IT."

☞It is a good thing to be a little willful, at times at least, but there is always danger in carrying it too far, as did an old deacon who was always on the offside of every question that came before the Church. When the Temperance Reform was in full feather, and the question was discussed in the church of which he was an officer, he, as a matter of course, opposed it. He would not sign the pledge; he would not consent to its presentation in the Sunday school; he objected vehemently to the distribution of tracts. One day in the presence of a full house, one of the members of the church made the case of the deacon a subject of prayer: "O Lord, if thy servant, our brother, continues his opposition to us, wilt thou in thy tender mercies, remove him from the church militant below to the church triumphant above?" "I won't go!" thundered the indignant and obstinate deacon. The deacon ought not, however, to be too much blamed for his answer, for whatever the praying brother may have wished for himself, he was not very wise in bringing such a petition before the public.

☞Darwin tells some wonderful stories about the intellect of animals in his great work on "The Descent of Man," but none of them beat the one told by the Panama *Star* of the sagacity of a dog the editor knows of. "When the dog wishes to cross the river where alligators abound, he goes up the stream a great way and barks with all his might; the alligators go there and wait for him to get in and swim across. The dog knows what he is about; when he sees from the number of snouts above water that his enemies have all gathered to the feast, he runs down the bank as fast as he can, and swims across before the alligators are aware of the trick that has been played upon them."

Our Young Folks' Column.

For Our Young Folks' Column.

OUR LITTLE THREE.

One with eyes of azure blue,
Curly hair of a golden hue;
Voice of music low and clear,
Chiming softly on the ear;
Ever merry and care free,
She is eldest, gentle Annie
Of our little three.

Next comes grandpa's little pet,
With rosy cheeks and eyes of jet,
Shining curls of dark brown hair
Floating on the Summer air,
Loving cherub full of glee;
He is second in the number
Of our little three.

Then a tiny winsome fairy
Answers to the name of Mary;
More precious far than gems of gold
Is she, scarcely two years old:
Now nestling on my bosom, now dancing on my knee,
She is least among the rose-buds
Of our little three.

ANNIE CARY.

For Our Young Folks' Column.

Harry Whitney's Garden.

BY SARAH C. ANDREWS.

For ten minutes, Harry Whitney had sat perfectly still without speaking one word.

Wonderful, so his mother thought, so did his sister Carrie, and even little Jimmy in the middle of the room, with his lap full of playthings, and a wide circle of them about him, had a vague sense that something was lacking in the social atmosphere.

"See, mother," whispered Carrie, "how big Harry feels with his new red top boots! Just see him look at them."

Harry was not thinking of his boots, however, although they might occupy the attention of any boy, they were such a nice fit, neither too large nor too small, and moreover, had bright, red tops and such a handsome gilt eagle on each of them, that Harry wanted to wear his pantaloons hitched up over his bootstraps at least one hour in the day, to show them off to the best advantage.

"Mother," he said, suddenly, "do you want to know what I'm going to do this spring?"

"Of course I do, Harry."

"I'm going to have a garden," he said, with the air of one who has carefully considered the subject, and has at last made up his mind. "That is, if father will let me have that garden out there. Do you suppose he will?"

"I think so. You might ask him."

"I'll ask him now," and Harry ran to the barn, and soon came running back with a speed that some good news had very much accelerated.

"Father says he don't care; have it if you want it. Hurrah! Going to have a garden. I wish it was spring now." And he danced a war dance around his brother Jimmy, or, if it was not a war dance, it was as near as he could come to one from the scanty knowledge gained from pictures of Indians in that celebration.

"Do you hear, Jimmy? Don't you wish you had a tomato from my garden?"

"Tomato—where is it? In your pocket?" And Jimmy left off playing with his tin engine, and put out his chubby hand for the fruit that he expected was ready.

"No, no, wait till it grows, of course. Going to have a garden! I am going to raise—to raise," and Harry stood still and considered what he should raise—"tomatoes, corn, beets, cabbages, &c. Hurrah!" and he commenced another dance.

"Hoorey!" shouted Jimmy, and his short legs imitated Harry's quick movements as well as they were able.

"And I can have a flower garden out there, can't I?" said his sister Carrie, two years younger than himself.

"Oh, yes, I'll fix it for you and then you can plant the seeds and things;" and having expressed his joy in a way that seemed to him very appropriate, he took his slate and pencil and began to lay plans for his garden.

"Let me think! What shall I plant? I don't want any potatoes in my garden. To be sure I like potatoes well enough, but what looks homelier than a potato vine growing; I want something that looks handsome in my garden, and potatoes can grow in the big garden out of sight of the house."

"Why not plant corn?" asked Carrie. "That looks nice, and then think of the pretty tassels on it."

"Yes, I know, but corn grows up so tall, and then it will shade everything so that a fellow must have all corn if he has any. There's cabbages and beets and French turnips—those would do, wouldn't they mother? Then I could divide the garden into four beds and there'll be one for each." And Harry drew a picture of the garden forthwith and divided the available space into four parts, writing cabbages, beets, turnips and tomatoes in their respective beds.

"O dear, mother! father hasn't begun to plant yet. Isn't he late this year?"

"I think not. If you are so anxious to do something about your garden, you might get some dirt and have it ready for your tomato seeds. It will be only three weeks before it will be time to plow the garden, and by that the tomatoes will be ready to set out, perhaps."

"Good," said Harry, and he darted out of doors, and after hunting through the crib, cider house and wood house, found an empty soap box that he thought would answer his purpose well, and, having filled it with dirt, and placed it beside the stove so that it might be ready to receive the seeds in a few days.

Harry, like other boys and girls, and grown up people too, loved to build castles in the air, and after the manner of all castles of that description, they did not hold together long enough for him to derive any great amount of benefit from them.

In the present case everything seemed favorable for carrying out his plans in a most agreeable and successful manner.

The garden was about thirteen feet in length and ten in breadth. It was inclosed by a neat fence, and the entrance on the north side was through a gate in the best of order. At the right of the gate was a snow-ball bush, on the west side a jessamine, and then a beautiful running rose, then a row of currant bushes, and on the opposite side another row.

His father plowed the ground for him in due season, and then Harry was left in undisputed possession. His father agreed to give him all the cabbage plants he needed; the beet and turnip seeds he bought with his own money, and no enthusiastic gardener ever gazed with greater delight at the tiny, brown paper covers that hid such precious contents, or read the labels so many times as Harry did. Now he went to work with a will.

"Mother thinks, I know," said he in private conference with Carrie, the first day of his labors, "that this garden will be chock full of weeds before the summer is over, and everything going to smash generally, and father looked mysterious when I talked about having tomatoes of my own; but I'll show him," and Harry shovelled on with renewed zeal. "I'll fight it out on this line if it takes all summer. That's what General Somebody said, Carrie. You never heard of him, did you?" and he looked doubtfully at Carrie, who sat on a flat rock in the sunshine by the currant bushes.

"No. Who was he? Is he the one that has whiskers down so and so?" and Carrie drew a forefinger down each side of her face and brought them together on her upper lip.

Now Harry did not exactly know who it was. He would have been rejoiced if he could only he told a long story of the bravery of General Somebody—as he called him—in some hard fought battle, and it would have given him a vast amount of satisfaction to have heard her say at the close of his narrative, "Dear me, wasn't he afraid?" Then he would reply, "Pooh, *afraid*, no. That's nothing."

But he could not think of a single hairbreadth escape to attribute to his hero, so he wisely changed the subject and talked of things more within the scope of his own knowledge, as well as hers, resolving that he would look in his father's book the first opportunity, and see how his whiskers went, so that he might tell Carrie if she wanted to know.

In three days Carrie's flower beds were made, the bulbs and seeds in the ground, and the four beds of his own arranged as he had planned them on the slate. As he finished his work by setting out the last tomato plant, the sun came out of a white, fleecy cloud and shone bright and warm upon his garden, as much as to say, "You can go away now, little boy; I'll attend to these; I'll make your seeds come up for you."

"Harry," called his father, "can you take this chain down to Gleason's and tell him I want a new link put in it?"

"Yes sir," was Harry's cheery reply, and in a few minutes he was away down the road almost to the blacksmith's.

In half an hour he was back again.

"How long mother, will it be before the things will come up?" he asked as he sat in the kitchen door.

"Cock-a-doodle-doo-o-o!"

"There," said Harry, "that was young Whitey's crow, and there he goes into my garden," and Harry ran to frighten him away before he did any damage.

O, what a sight met his eyes! His beds were alive with hens. Some were picking up seeds as fast as they could swallow, others were lying in the dirt scratching vigorously, almost enveloped in clouds of dust, and disposing of their booty as rapidly as possible under the circumstances.

He could not speak or move he was so paralyzed by amazement, but, in a second, he seized the clothes-pole and rushing into the garden he shooed and flourished his long pole until his enemies retreated through the palings of the fence or flew clumsily over it, cackling furiously, and then they fled into the orchard where they continued to cackle in a most discordant concert, and Harry was left to contemplate the ruins with feelings by no means agreeable.

"Well, my fair biddies, if you've enjoyed yourselves I'm glad of it. I'll just fix these over again, and then get through if you can. I'll take this bed first, plant it over again, and then stick up sticks around and lay bush on the top."

He sharpened an armful of sticks and was about half way around the bed when Jim Hally, their hired man, a half crazed fellow, came along; leaning over the fence he contemplated the scene before him.

"Wauk!" he drawled, "them pesky hens paid you a visit, haven't they? Hens allus scratch where they're no business to. You look pretty considerble riled up; guess you wouldn't keer to go ter Sunday school just this minute, now would ye?"

"You be still, Jim," said Harry as cheerfully as possible, considering he was almost boiling over with indignation at the causes of his misfortunes. "I'll have all these right in a little while."

"Wall, keep your temper, sonny, keep your temper. He that keepeth his temper is better'n he that spileth a city. That's Scripter, they say, and good doctrine too, and you'd better abide by it my little dear," and Jim's eyes twinkled maliciously as he walked away and realized that he had added fuel to the flame.

Harry felt that the hens and Jim Hally together were too much for him to bear, and in thinking of his woes he neglected his work, and soon gave his fore-finger a sound blow that was meant for the top of a stick. Boy nature could stand it no longer. He ran to the cider house, and throwing himself down on the floor cried as though his heart would break.

Carrie soon found him and tried to sympathize with him.

"Don't cry, Harry. Those old hens don't know anything; they never have and they never will. I wouldn't shed a tear. Come, let's play horse and you be driver."

"I don't want to play horse. O dear, dear! They've scratched up all my seeds, and it's *no* use to try to do anything. Something is always happening to upset everything."

"Never mind," said Carrie, "let's have a good time. Come along," and she tugged at his arm. "Come, father will see you, or else Jim will, and they'll laugh at you, may be."

"Don't care if they do laugh," but Harry sat upright, however, and wiped his eyes on his shirt sleeve.

"*Darn* it, I say."

"O, Harry," and her eyes and mouth opened wide. "You mustn't say that. What did mother tell you?"

"Well, Carrie Whitney, you may jes shet up," said Harry, neglecting good manner and pronunciation both, in his desperation. "I guess if mother had worked three whole days as I have, and then had the plaguey old hens come and scratch up everything, and pounded her finger and been talked to by Jim Hally into the bargain, she'd say darn it."

"Why no," said Carrie soothingly. "Father wouldn't, either. Don't you remember how the crows pulled up the corn last year, and father only said, 'Let's go and plant some more, Jim, and put up more scare-crows.'"

"It'no use blubbering over spilt milk, I suppose," and Harry drew a long breath, looked at his pounded finger that had done aching, blew his nose and went again to his garden.

The beds were soon finished, sticks driven around all of them, and brush laid across, and Harry left them, feeling they were now secure.

You know that a garden will not, of course, take care of itself. Harry had to contend first with the hens, and then with weeds and dry weather, but he was victor at all times. His seeds came up well, and continued to grow as flourishing as the most ambitious farmer could desire. He heard his grand-father say, "That it was a pretty good garden," and he didn't know as he could have done better himself.

One day in September Harry said, "Mother, I must get me a memorandum book, just like father's, only I don't know as I want one quite so large. I might write to Julia, couldn't I, and ask her to get me one?"

"Yes. You might write to-day and have the letter ready when your father goes to the office this evening. I heard him say he was going."

Harry seated himself and wrote:

"DEAR SISTER:—Will you please send me a memorandum book just like father's, only smaller. Send it out as soon as convenient, for I've got a garden, and send a pencil with it. Spotty has got four kittens and they are handsome. We are going to give them to the neighbors, which have spoken for them.

HARRY R. WHITNEY."

The first page of his book contains the following record:

"Planted the garden May 19th, 1871; planted cabbage, turnips, beets and tomatoes. They've all come up twice, I was going to say, but the second time they staid up, and the first time they went down the hens' throats; but I don't care."

And Harry gives it as his opinion, based upon experience and therefore valuabl, that having a garden is about the *best* fun that can be invented.

How Salt is Manufactured at Turk's Island.

The island bearing this familiar name has been conspicuous for its production of salt, of which millions of bushels finds its way into the markets of the world, our own country receiving about half a million bushels annually. Salt is obtained from sea water by either extreme cold or heat; here it is made by solar evaporation. Lying under the intense rays of a tropical sun, soon gives up its water and leaves it salt behind; and were it not for the influx of the mighty rivers of the tropics, and the general system of currents and tides, the ocean lying near the equator would soon become one vast sea of salt. For centuries advantage has been taken of this natural process, and, in the dry seasons, over a thousand natives are at work in the different stages of the preparation of salt for the market. The sea water is let into the basins, or "pans," by a canal cut through the beach, which separates the sea from the interior lagoons and affords a good foundation for the town proper.

This beach is a few rods—perhaps ten or fifteen—in width, and back of this, extending toward the bluffs about a quarter of a mile, was originally a marsh, has been converted into salt tanks. These tanks are shallow, with a varying depth of from eight to eighteen inches, the bottom made of stiff marl or clay, and they cover several hundred acres of this evaporating ground, divided into a great many compartments, varying from a quarter of an acre to two or three acres in size. These are separated from each other by low stone walls, which serve also as walks. In the middle of these walls is an impervious clay, which prevents the passage of water from one tank to another, unless by the little gateways or sluices through which the supply is regulated. The water in these pans is found in all stages of evaporation. In some you see the clear, limpid water of the ocean; in others it has a roiled appearance, and, when far advanced in the process it assumes a beautiful pink color. The first pond allows the subsidence of mud and other physical impurities, and is, consequent, the deepest. As the fluid runs from tank to tank, it gradually becomes thicker, giving up its water and becoming more and more concentrated, until it reaches the last and shallowest pan, where crystals begin to appear on its surface. These first crystals are the purest, and are raked off with an iron hoe. Exposed for a still longer time, more crystals form, but these mostly turn on the bottom and sides, and are scraped off when the "mother liquor" is drawn away. They are then hauled in carts to the beach, where piles, like great, white snow banks, may be seen from the ship's deck.

This salt is more or less impure—the chief impurity being chloride of magnesium and, to getrid of this, the heaps are covered with straw and hay; the chloride of magnesium, being deliquescent, absorbs moisture of the atmosphere and drains off, leaving the pure chloride of sodium—common salt—behind. To produce the same result, sometimes slaked lime is placed in the last tanks. The making of salt by solar evaporation depends greatly upon the absence of rain, and Turk's island has this advantage, as well as extreme heat in summer. In addition the trade winds constantly agitate the surface of the ponds, and thus facilitate vaporization.—*Overland Monthly for Sept.*

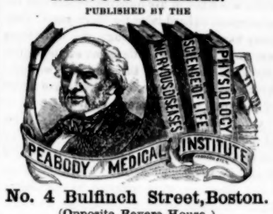
☞The late Prof. Wm. Gibson used to relate that while going through the ward of a hospital with Velpeau, that surgeon brought him to the bedside of two men who were under treatment for some slight fracture. "Would you believe it," said Velpeau, "these men have made a living for the last fifteen years by being knocked down and run over! When they see a light vehicle driven by some wealthy person coming by, they step across the street, and are sure to run over, picked up, and carried to some hospital, and then they sue for damages. When their money becomes exhausted, they begin again. Nearly every bone in their bodies has been broken.

☞A patient complained to his physician that he was pursued by a ghost the night before, on his way home from the tavern. "What shape was it?" asked the doctor. "In the shape of a jackass," said the man. "Go home," replied the physician, "and keep sober. You were drunk last night, and frightened at your own shadow."

THE WORST OF TWO STRINGS. *Younger Brother*—"What's the matter, Mary?" Are you unhappy because neither of those fellows you were flirting with at croquet yesterday proposed to you?" *Mary*—"Both did, Tom! And I said 'yes' to the wrong one." Poor Mary!

Scientific and Popular Medical Works ON MANHOOD, WOMANHOOD, AND NERVOUS DISEASES.

PUBLISHED BY THE



No. 4 Bulfinch Street, Boston.

(Opposite Revere House.)

DR. W. H. PARKER, Assistant Physician.

Medical knowledge for everybody. 250,000 *copies sold in two years.*

A Book for every Man.

THE SCIENCE OF LIFE, OR SELF PRESERVATION. A Medical Treatise on the Cause and Cure of EXHAUSTED VITALITY, PREMATURE DECLINE IN MA